

















BUNKER HILL MONUMENT



COMMEMORATIVE OF JUNE 17, 1775.  
CONSECRATED, JUNE 17, 1843.



MAJ. GEN. JOSEPH WARREN.  
*Who was slain in the Battle on Bunker Hill.*

For God's inalienable rights to man,  
Our fathers fought and bled!  
So glorious were those rights, secured,  
The sons revere the dead.

# OUR COUNTRY:

—OR,—

The American Parlor Keepsake.

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EDITED BY  
WM. H. RYDER.

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BOSTON:  
PUBLISHED BY J. M. USHER,  
37 CORNHILL.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by  
JAMES M. USHER,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

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BAZIN & CHANDLER,  
37 CORNHILL.

## OUR COUNTRY.

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OUR country first, our glory and our pride.  
Land of our hopes — land where our fathers died  
When in the right, we'll keep thy honor bright ;  
When in the wrong, we'll die to set it right.





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## P R E F A C E .

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WE have no apology to offer for presenting the following pages to the public. If they do not prove their own claim to the approbation of the people, nothing which it is proper for us to insert here will render them any more acceptable. That there was a demand for such a book, was certainly the opinion of those interested in its publication, or they would not have undertaken the task, and subjected themselves to the heavy expense of issuing it; but whether those, upon whose favor the success of the effort largely depends, are of the same opinion, remains to be seen.

We have endeavored to produce a neat and inviting Gift Book, — one that shall be suited to the wants of that large class of our community who are interested in the great American movement. In this effort

we have been generously aided; and we are certain that our success cannot have been wholly incomplete in view of the worthy names which adorn these pages.

The subjects discussed, mostly relate to the same great theme. It is hoped, however, that there will not be found a lack of suitable variety: nevertheless, the best way for the reader to determine this, and several other things, is to buy the book and read it for himself.

While the editor gave to each contributor full permission to express his own views, he has been pleased to observe in their several communications, an entire absence of everything like national and sectional animosity. This, in itself, is regarded as strong proof that the feelings which have been not unfrequently attributed to the friends of the American party, do not exist in fact. It is, however, constantly affirmed, that this whole movement rests upon hatred of foreigners—is little less than a crusade against those who have sought a home in this country—and, as such, is illiberal and unchristian. If this were true in the estimation of the editor, these pages had never been issued under his supervision. But the charge is unquestionably false. The movement does not rest

upon a hatred of foreigners; neither does it in any way seek their injury. That there are persons identified with this new party who have very narrow views, and are influenced by selfish considerations, is altogether likely; but that the great body of the people occupy this position, is not true. They honestly believe that the interests of their country are jeopardized by the presence of so potent a foreign influence among us, and they think it necessary that some action should be taken, by which aliens are required to become more fully identified with our institutions, before they are allowed the elective franchise. Not that they suppose the mass of these people have come among us with the intention of overthrowing our government, or of doing harm to it in any way; but their education and former alliances have been unfavorable to hearty sympathy with Republicanism, and it cannot be expected that under such circumstances they will always act wisely because they do not act wickedly. Besides, this foreign influence has already had too much to do in deciding the elections in our country. The people feel that actual danger threatens from this source. Inspired by the memory of their fathers, and jealous of party trammels, they have

undertaken to correct the abuse while they have the power.

He mistakes entirely the position of this movement, who supposes it to interfere with any man's religion. It simply claims the right of American-born citizens to rule America — to make laws for the security of the government against all organisms, whether political or religious, which are thought to be prejudicial to the public good.

We do then most emphatically disclaim all hostility to foreigners, as such. Many of them are among our most intelligent and respectable citizens, and both deserve and receive our esteem. It is not that "we love Cæsar less, but Rome more."

With the expression of these views we have done, and our task is submitted to the public.



# OUR COUNTRY.

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## MY NATIVE LAND.

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BY REV. T. WHITTEMORE.

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THE love of country seems almost to be an instinct of man. It takes rank among the higher feelings of our nature. The pious Jew loved Jerusalem, the city of God. It was in the land of his birth, — the seat of the divine presence. Every thing beautiful and holy in his sight clustered around the name Jerusalem. While in Babylon, the Jews wept at the remembrance of Zion. They hung their harps upon the willows, and could not be happy in a strange land. When strangers taunted them and said, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion," [such as they used to sing in their native land], they replied, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" as if the thing were almost impossible. And then broke forth one of the most remarkable gushes of patriotism ever heard, to which history

furnishes but few parallel cases. "If I forget *thee*, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember *thee*, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." While the holy writers require us to love the people of all lands as our brethren of the human race, they never condemn patriotism, — the peculiar love of our native land. There is a touching recognition of the love of country, in the following passage: "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see *his native country*," Jer. xxii. 10; a judgment, in the sight of the Jew, worse than death. When Daniel, in Babylon, was in the midst of dangers, and liable to fall a victim to the conspiracy of his enemies, "He went into his house, and his windows being open in his chamber *towards Jerusalem*, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed and gave thanks, before his God as he did aforetime." His love of country and of religion were mingled together.

It may be said, in opposition to the ground we have taken, that our Puritan forefathers forsook their *native land*, and came to these desolate shores, in the midst of wintry storms.

"The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock bound coast,  
The woods against the stormy sky  
Their giant branches tost."

If the love of country is a passion so sacred, why do we praise our forefathers, who left their native land,

their altars, and firesides, to cross the mighty ocean, and came to this inhospitable and unknown world? To this question the true answer is, that another principle comes in here, which is paramount to a love of country; we mean the duty a man owes to himself, to resist oppression, and to his God, to maintain a pure worship.

There were men with hoary hair  
 Amid that pilgrim band;  
 Why had *they* come to wither there  
 Away from their childhood's land?

What sought they thus afar?  
 Bright jewels of the mine?  
 The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?  
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Such were the circumstances under which the pilgrims came to Plymouth in 1620. Their love of religious liberty, and their conscientious regard for the honor of God were so great, that they tore themselves away from home, they left the scenes of their childhood, bade farewell to parents, brothers and sisters, — braved the perils of the ocean, and encountered all the risk of landing, in the depth of winter, upon an inhospitable shore, where death, either by sickness, starvation, or the tomahawk, awaited them. It was not because they did not love their country that they came here, it was because they loved more deeply the rights of conscience and the honor of God. It was not because they hated their King, for they hoped still to remain his subjects; but it was because they believed

he was deceived by bad counsellors, and did not act from the impulses of his own heart. They threw many a glance of ardent love across the wide sheet of waters, that intervened between them and their native land. They loved old England still, with all its faults. There were the scenes of youth, — there were the graves of their fathers, — there were the fonts at which they were baptized, — there were the churches in which they had worshipped God, — there many a brother, many a sister, many a dear friend lingered still : they could not cease to love old England.

The free, fair homes of England !  
Long, long in hut and hall,  
May hearts of native proof be reared  
To guard each hallow'd wall.  
And green forever be the graves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where first the child's glad spirit loves,  
Its country and its God.

In the new land, the pilgrims sought to establish first of all a shrine of holy faith. They knelt down upon the icy shore to pray. The first hymn of gratitude they sung, mingled with the roar of the ocean, and of the wind that rushed through the naked forests. They builded them houses for shelter, and forts for protection ; they planted in the ensuing summer fields of corn ; they raised churches, and school-houses ; and in due time this wilderness became a fruitful field. The pioneers in the work of civilization grew old and died,

and the children born in the new land came up to take their places. They bore the bodies of their deceased fathers to the hill sides and the dells, and buried them, martyrs in the cause of God and truth. The young men, though not born in England, looked at it as their father-land. They were ready to espouse the cause of the king, and fight his battles; and many of them in the old French war poured out their blood in his service. They fought the united bands of French and Indians, and conquered them. They drove the king's enemies from the colonies, from the provinces on the East, and from the Canadas; and they built up here, in *their* native land, a great and noble country. It was *their* country. The most of them had never seen any other. They loved the mountains and hills, the meadows and vales of New England. Her school-houses, her churches, they loved. They lived here a vast family, the descendants of English sires, and desired to enjoy the liberty which their fathers had purchased by their sufferings and their sacrifices.

But in an evil day, bad counsels prevailed in the Parliament of the mother country. The British ministry asserted the right to tax the Colonies by act of Parliament, a body in which the Colonists had no representatives whatever. They remonstrated in terms of dignity and of respect to the Government of England; they petitioned for the repeal of odious laws, but their petitions were treated with disdain. Bad counsellors were in the ascendency in England. The Colo-

nists asserted that they had no desire to separate themselves from the mother country, but if driven to do it by the force of unjust laws, the blame must rest on the Government. The Parliament persisted, and the Colonists would not give back. And now came up the fearful prospect of a war between Englishmen at home, and the descendants of Englishmen in the Colonies. It became a fearful strife. Brothers were arrayed against brothers, sons against their fathers. Compared with the power of the king, with his treasury, his army, his navy, — that had hitherto awed the world, — the Colonists were feeble indeed. But they believed their cause was a righteous one, and, being men of piety, they trusted in God. If He were on their side, one should chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. A just cause is unconquerable. It may be crushed for a time, but it shall rise again. In this belief, the feeble Colonists dared to meet the forces of the British king; and with what a spirit of daring they did it, let the history of Bunker Hill disclose. Men of peace and quietness though they were, yet they proved they could fight in the cause of justice. They lifted up their banner and appealed to God. The old men with hoary hairs, — the middle aged, in the strength and sternness of manhood, — the young with sunny locks and sprightly step, — all left the attachments and delicacies of home, seized their muskets and took the field. Guided, as if by more than human wisdom, the Congress of the several Colonies appointed George Wash-



ington the commander of all the forces. In him were combined those rare qualities of courage, prudence, judgment, integrity, dignity, discretion and enterprise, that fitted him pre-eminently for the station, which to his high honor be it said, he did not seek, nor decline. What man born among us can read the history of the American Revolution without an honest pride? The siege of Boston, — the battles of Trenton, Princeton, and Stillwater, — the capitulation at Saratoga, — the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, not successful, but honorable, — the battle of Monmouth, — the storming of Stony Point, — the daring deeds of Green, the quaker-general, at the South, — and last, but not least, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. These render the pages of American history radiant with glory.

Ever since the peace of 1783, our native land has been free from foreign oppression. Look out on that glorious land! See it extending now from the neighborhood of the St. Lawrence to the Mexican Gulf, and from ocean to ocean, its western point being farther from its eastern, than that eastern point itself is from England. Behold its immense lakes, like so many Mediterranean seas, with their straits, their archipelagos, and happy cities and towns upon their borders. Behold its magnificent rivers! Behold the father of waters, sustained by a thousand tributaries! See its immense prairies, its boundless fields, capable of furnishing food for the world. See its magnificent towns

and cities ! its peaceful villages ; its numerous churches ; its colleges ; its numberless common schools, — one of the chief glories of the land. Behold a family of independent States, living under one common bond of union. See the working of our happy form of government, — a people ruling themselves ; the public offices, from the highest to the lowest, accessible to every citizen. See the rulers, selected from the people, returning to the positions of common citizens again, honored, if they have been virtuous and faithful, with the benedictions of their countrymen. See science spreading among us ! See the arts fostered, skill developed, industry rewarded, and all the people enjoying as large a share of happiness as falls to the lot of any class of men. Such is pre-eminently the condition of New England ; and if there is any thing in any part of the land which we have true reason to regret, let us be cheered with the belief that the just cause at last must triumph ; that anything which is unnatural, and which is opposed to the laws of God, and the prayers of good men, cannot stand forever. [The citizen of this country, wherever he goes, looks back to his home with pride. He glories in our history, in the noble extent and variety of our territory, in our rapid growth, in our institutions, as a whole, and in the healthful, beautiful working of our young Government. Such is the scene presented by the United States of America.]

Our Institutions are all liberal. Our political fathers intended them to be perpetual. Their fervent prayer



was, that our freedom in State and in religion might remain undisturbed,

“ While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls a wave.”

To this happy land the oppressed of all nations, who love our institutions can come, if they come in the spirit of friendship, to approve and to enjoy the form of government, and the political institutions under which we live. If they do not desire to enjoy these institutions, why do they approach our shores? Here religion is free. Here every man is permitted to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Here the right of private judgment is acknowledged. Here every man can have the Bible in his possession, with the right to read and understand it, without the intervention of any priest, or ecclesiastical authority. This is one of the dearest of our privileges. It brought our fathers to these shores at first. They fled from ecclesiastical oppression. They came here that they might establish a pure worship. Although they did not understand this principle in its fullest application, their sons, for a hundred and fifty years, improved upon the model of their fathers; and one of the great principles of the government of our country now is, that every man shall have the right of private judgment in matters of religion; that the people have the right to govern themselves; that they are free from all foreign authority whatsoever, both in matters of Church and State. What enlisted the American Clergy, so earn-

estly, in the success of the American Revolution, — what led them to bestow upon it their prayers and benedictions, except the belief that the country would, if successful, get rid of all foreign dictation, both in political and ecclesiastical matters? We see, then, that our political institutions are founded on the right of the people to govern themselves, both in matters political and ecclesiastical, in one as much as the other, and one is as sacred as the other.

No one disputes, that the oppressed of foreign lands who *love our institutions*, have the right to come here and *enjoy* them. But if they are opposed to any part thereof, they have no business here. They have no right to come here with an olive branch in one hand and a sword in the other. They know before they come, or ought to know, that if they mean to be citizens of the United States, they must renounce all allegiance to all foreign authorities, — kings, princes, dukes, priests, potentates, and every foreign power whatever. If they come here to make war, either openly, or insidiously, upon the right of the people of this country to govern themselves, they are enemies whatever they may profess, and ought to be treated as such. If they come here to oppose, either openly or secretly, the right of every man to worship God according to his own conscience, — the right of every man to read the Bible, and to judge of its contents by the light which God hath given him, they are opposed to the fundamental principles of our form of government, and

ought not to be here. This government was not built up to be undermined and thrown down. Our fathers did not believe that they were pouring out their blood in vain. They had a holy hope that the superstructure which they raised, should stand, while the ruins of feudal castles, the prisons built to gratify the revenge of kings, — and that worst of all forms of oppression and imprisonment, the Inquisition, — built to gratify the hellish spite of the Pope and his obsequious minions, should crumble to dust.

The dangers of this country are not perhaps properly apprehended. The Revolutionary fathers supposed their sons would be in danger of invasion by foreign armies; and they left on record these memorable words: "In vain we toiled, in vain we fought, we bled in vain, if you our sons want valor to repel the assaults of the invader." It is not valor the American people want, but discretion. Our danger will not arise from foreign military invasion; it lies in the fact, that thousands and tens of thousands of foreigners are landing upon our shores, who are bringing principles with them hostile to the genius of our institutions. We acknowledge their full right to come if they love our institutions, and desire to live under them, and enjoy them; but if they come to undermine them insidiously, they are our enemies, and they have no business here. They are more dangerous than foreign armies; for foreign armies we would meet upon the shore, and either secure them as prisoners, that they might do no harm,

or drive them back into the deep. But these more dangerous enemies insinuate themselves among us, with professions of respect for our laws, and after they are established they aim to subvert our religious liberty and our common schools. They now begin openly to avow their hostility. They have taken the ground that this country exists by the will of the Roman Pontiff, the sole repository they say of God's power upon the earth; and if it does not exist by the will of God, it is a government usurped by man, and no one is bound to obey. These are the doctrines which have been broached among us, by the leading papists who have come here. They aim a blow at the right of private judgment in religion, by maintaining that no man has such a right; and that the Pope, or the Church, is the only interpreter of the word of God. Such sentiments are hostile to the spirit of our government; and if they ever prevail among us, there will be an end to what we have been accustomed to prize so dearly, "freedom to worship God," according to the dictates of our consciences.

There is still another danger in the spirit with which many foreigners regard our public schools. They will discountenance the schools unless under teachers of their own religious faith. The Catholic clergy, it is well known, have distinctly taken the ground, that the present system on which the common schools of the country are carried on, ought to be abolished. They assert that the teachers of the Schools should be Catho-

lics, and many of them will send their children to none other. Hitherto, in this land, the people have said that sectarianism should not enter the schools; that they should be kept entirely free from all sectarian influence whatsoever. The designs of Catholics, therefore, in regard to the Schools is seen to be decidedly hostile to the spirit of our institutions. While Catholics maintain that they should have the control of schools, or else the children of Catholics should not attend them, they insult Protestants by inviting them to send their children to Catholic schools, to schools at Nunneries, and other seats of Catholic influence, thus intimating that the religion of a Protestant is not so dear to its professor as that of the Catholic is to him.

We have thus shown there is a lurking danger to our civil and religious institutions growing up amongst us. This danger is winked at by those unprincipled politicians, who are seeking to ride into power by the help of the votes of the foreign-born.

If the danger truly exists, let us do all we can to resist it. [Let us cultivate the spirit of patriotism. Let us say, "If I forget thee, O my country, let my right hand forget its cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." Let us cultivate the spirit of the immortal Washington and his compeers. Let us remember Warren, and the brave men who laid down their lives for their country's honor and freedom. Let us hallow the battle-fields of the Revolution. Behold the noble shaft that rises from



Bunker-Hill. Although it stands in solemn silence, without an inscription of any kind, yet in reason's ear it utters a glorious voice. It speaks of the daring spirit of 1775; it stands upon the spot where one of the earliest struggles for liberty transpired; and it warns us to beware of those who would break down our institutions, and deprive us of our liberties. Let us appeal to God again, as our fathers did of yore; and while we open our arms and hearts to give a cordial welcome to the poor and oppressed from every section of the globe, who *love* our institutions, and desire to live under them, let us be on our guard against enemies who come in disguise, clothed in the fleece of Christian profession, but who are ravenous wolves within. Let us look with caution, but still with compassion, on the faults of the poor, deceived, priest-ridden thousands who come among us; but mark, as the most dangerous men of all, their wiley, jesuitical leaders, who are aiming at their own aggrandizement, and the overthrow of what Americans hold most dear.

## AMERICAN AND FOREIGN HOMES.

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BY REV. T. B. THAYER.

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THERE are no homes in Austria, Italy or France worthy of the name; none certainly that are free from the insolence and oppression of despotism. They afford no refuge, no security, for innocence or weakness. No constitution, no law, no civil rights gird them about, or stand between their inmates and an irresponsible power, acting through an ever present police and military.

Everywhere the individual is watched — the government never lose sight of him for a moment, going in or coming out, sleeping or waking, at work or in his amusements, or in his rest or idleness. In every village and hamlet you find the soldier, or the agent of the police office, in uniform or disguised. He glides in among the crowd, finds his way into the tavern, the workshop, the drinking house and even the dwelling, under some pretence or other. He insinuates himself into the confidence of the inmates, he encourages freedom and intimacy, and leads the way to open expres-

sion of political opinions, only that he may betray the trusting victim to his oppressors.

Sometimes neighbors, and even depraved and abandoned members of the family circle, are bribed and bought by the government to act as spies on the rest; and so father and son, and brother and brother, mutually betray each other in secret, till all social confidence, and the holy faith of family affection are destroyed, and home lost. A word carelessly spoken; a book, a newspaper, or handbill, with an expression having the shadow of a thought of freedom in it; unfavorable comment on any measure of the government; complaint against any of its cruelties or abominations, though whispered in the privacy of the bed-chamber; the possession of any thing approaching weapons of war—these are enough to tear the door from its hinges, and the roof from its fastenings; enough to blast the happiness of a family, and drag the offender from the joys of Home to the terrors of a prison, and perhaps of the scaffold.

Soon after we left Lombardy, a respectable and peaceable victim was torn from his home and family, tried by a court martial, and sentenced to death, for the terrible crime of having in his house a sharp pointed knife, above the ordinary size, and a few ounces of powder and bird shot. This man would have been shot on the public square, had he not been reprieved by Marshal Radetsky, in consideration of his former quiet life. This is a specimen of what is going on in these countries.



The people of the Papal States, of the Kingdoms of Naples, Tuscany, Lombardy, Venice, Austria, Hungary, know nothing of the homes which liberty and law have given to Americans, nothing of the sweet security, the sacred peace, which the very name implies with us. The governments acknowledge no rights not vested in themselves. There is no safety for the individual, his family, or his possessions. The rule of the monarch is wholly arbitrary and irresponsible, resting entirely for its existence on the cannon and the sword. It, with the church, owns the people, soul and body, and disposes of all they have and all they are, as may best suit its interest, and secure its power. Even the sons of the family are claimed for the army, where there is more than one in proportion to the number. The citizen is never safe, never sure of anything, not even of his children, from one hour to the next—not even of himself.

He may be seized in the night, dragged from his terrified family, by a brutal soldiery, or police, thrown into prison, and kept there as long as suits the pleasure of his oppressors, without a word of explanation. Perhaps he is known as entertaining opinions hostile to tyranny, and this is a method of annoyance and punishment, which may be repeated at pleasure.

A short time before our departure for home—a home indeed—several of the most respectable citizens of one of those contemptible Italian Duchies, with a territory as large as a kitchen garden, were discharged from prison, after an incarceration of nearly four years, since

1849, subject to all manner of deprivations, without trial, without one word of explanation, or one particle of redress, for the monstrous wrongs inflicted on them and their families !

In the city of Naples, I saw men of education, of mind, of unblemished character, chained with criminals of the vilest stamp, and made to break stones and collect the filth of the gutters, or work with galley slaves in cleaning the docks—and this for five, ten and twenty years, and for life. And these men were thus torn from their families, their property confiscated, their homes violated and broken up, and wife and children delivered up to want and beggary, for the expression of a political opinion, or for a manly protest against the wrongs of their beloved and beautiful country !

These are the homes, this the security and peace and holy confidence of the family in Lombardy, Naples, the States of the Church, and all the dependencies of Austria—and it is not greatly otherwise in France. Is it not true, then, that there are no homes worthy of the name, in these Saharas of despotism ?

These facts, when abroad, turned my thoughts to this land of Homes ; this land where the threshold and the hearthstone are never profaned by the foot of power, and the family ties are never broken or outraged by spies, police or soldiers.

Weary and worn with travel, I turned with a longing heart toward the chosen spot where dwelt those most dear to us. And there were times in our wander-

ings when the ghastly forms of disease flitted before us, for a moment; and alone in a strange land, among strange people, speaking a strange tongue, the possibility of sickness, made us shrink, and the vision of dear Home, with its affection, its solicitous kindness, and watchful attentions, rose up before us with a vividness, an attractive and tender beauty, such as it never knew before thousands of miles came between it and us. And I never till then felt the force and exceeding significance of that touching Arab benediction,—“May you die among your kindred.”

Still, it was the presence of the mournful facts I have named, which more often recalled our American homes, and made us feel how much we have to prize in this respect—how much to be grateful for every hour in the day. Americans, look at your Homes—what security, what comforts, what absence of all fear; your children safe in the embrace of affection, and growing up in knowledge and virtue, growing up to usefulness, to individual enterprize—no government to tear them from you, and no army to appropriate, corrupt and destroy them. And then, gathered about your fireside; on the table lie newspapers, magazines and books, on all subjects of inquiry and knowledge, in all departments of literature, wherewith the evening passes pleasantly and profitably.

Not so in the land we have named—no newspaper, no books, no intelligence for the people. Nothing is allowed to go to the printing press till it has passed the

ensorship of the police and the church, that it contain no treason to the government, no heresy in religion. Despotism and Catholicism unitedly dictate to the people what they may read, and anything beyond this is doom to the house where it is found.

And then you, Americans, feel that you are your own—your soul, your body, all your sinews and muscles. No one owns you, but God who made you. You can stand up as free men in the midst of your families—you go to your labor, to your amusements—you set out on a journey—you return—you rise in the morning, and lie down at night—with no terror of prisons or military courts and executions rising in bloody vision before you.

Thank God every day for these mercies. Compare your condition with the sufferers of Europe, and be patient under trifling inconveniences and vexations. Put away all mourning and complaint because of little troubles and deprivations. Indulge no vain desires for what you do not really need. Be done with all jealousies and envies of others richer than you. Be kind to each other and forbearing—cherish every member of the family circle—strive to put away all shadows from the households, and let in more and more sunshine. Bring out the table before the fireside, place the old family Bible on it, and read from its sacred pages every evening some lesson of God's goodness, some grand old psalm of praise for the mercies bestowed. Look around your cheerful homes, and see what some of those mercies are—recall the years gone by—remember how

all your life you have enjoyed the safety, the peace, the affection and blessedness of Home. And then bow at the altar of your common devotions, scatter thereon the incense of gratitude, and pray God to continue his favor unto us as a people, and preserve unto us the inestimable blessings of secure and happy homes.

## NATURALIZATION OF ALIENS.

BY DAVID PAUL BROWN.

THERE are three principles upon which the great American Party mainly relies for the security of its spiritual and temporal hopes. The first is the infallibility of the Holy Bible, as the basis of all liberty, civil, political and religious. Secondly, we hold that all foreign influences, at home or abroad, are opposed to our national security, our national independence, and our national prosperity. Thirdly, that such legislative enactments should be adopted by the Congress of the United States as will preclude foreign influence, civil, political or religious, either at home or abroad. In short, for our spiritual guide we rely upon the Bible, and the Bible alone. For our political guide, we adopt the principles and policy of Washington, the father and preserver of his country.

I propose to consider these subjects in their order. As to the first, scarcely anything is required to be said. No man in a Christian land, whose opinion is worth a conflict, will be hardy enough, or impious enough to as-



sail a position so sacred and impregnable. Every man is, or ought to be, a friend to the Bible, as the Bible is the friend to all; their charter, their hope, their faith, their salvation. Without it, human government is a mockery. Human laws a curse, — human life, a dream, human hope, a grave. Its sanction and protection by men and nations are not so necessary to itself, as it shines in the light of Heaven, and cannot be obscured; as it is guarded by the power of Heaven and cannot be assailed; I say its protection by human aids is not so necessary to itself, as to the character, the security, and the permanence and happiness of all earthly institutions. Considered apart from its divine authority — adopted as a mere temporal code, it would form a more secure constitution or basis for national government than could be produced by the condensation and adaptation of all the wisdom of all the philosophers, sages, statesmen and law-givers, from the beginning of time down to the present day. Exclusive of that divine volume, scriptural truth is to worldly governments, what the soul is to the physical frame of man, — its light, its life, its motion, its joy, its strength, its treasure. Our forefathers were not unmindful of this great truth, in the adoption of the Federal Constitution, which arose out of the destruction of the Articles of Confederation; not like the Arabian bird from the ashes of its ancestor, — but rather, if I may say it reverentially, like light and order from original darkness and chaos.

The adoption of the constitution of the United States,

gave rise to the two great political parties in this country, the Federalists, and the Democrats. The Federalists being those who contended for larger powers in the Federal or General Government as being necessary for its efficient administration, and the true interests of the States,—and the latter looking jealously upon every increase of national power, as derogatory and detrimental to what were called State Rights, and the interests of the People. With concessions on both sides, however, which I have neither the time nor the inclination minutely to discuss, this admirable instrument was adopted and became the source of national authority, and the paramount law of the land, so that our government exhibited not an unapt similitude to the state of man. The Federal Government being the heart, surrounded and connected with the nervous, the arterial, the muscular, and the osseous systems, or it may be more aptly said to be “a noble contrivance to give regularity and harmony to a system, the parts of which acknowledge independent laws, and gravitate as it were towards different suns — while the whole move in one common orbit, and are bound to obey a central attraction, for the maintenance of internal order, and of their relations to the external world.”

The government formed under the name of the United States of America, is declared, in the language of the Constitution, to be “ordained and established by the people, in order to form a more perfect Union,—establish justice,—ensure domestic tranquility,—provide



for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and posterity." By this constitution, founded upon these views, without discussing its general properties, it is provided that the National Government shall pass no laws impairing religious or conscientious rights, and it is further provided that it shall have the exclusive privilege to pass laws regulating Naturalization; these two provisions are all that legitimately belong to the present subject of discussion.

Now, no man who professes to be a Conservative or Constitutionalist, (to adopt a less offensive term,) has the right for a single moment, whatever may be his inclination, to entrench upon the religious duties or conscientious views of any of his fellow-men, either as bodies or individuals. The moment he does so, he impugns the Constitution, and violates the very principles upon which he must depend for the protection of his own religious faith, "teaching thereby bloody instruction, which being taught returns to plague the inventor."

A Dublin Journal, of high repute, and peculiarly entitled to regard, upon the subject judiciously observes, that it is much better for Irishmen in America to spread through the country, than to congregate in large cities; and until they have resided long enough in America to be thoroughly acquainted with the merits of American politics, and have learned to act and feel as Americans *solely*, it were better to waive any political privileges they may acquire, than listen to the solicitations of

men who will urge them to vote as Irishmen. The questions are American. These privileges are conferred on the voters as naturalized Americans, not as Irishmen, and as Americans they should use them.

These remarks, though directed to Irishmen, are equally applicable to any other foreigners who seek an asylum or home on this side of the Atlantic. The only reason for particularizing the Irish, is, that the number of immigrants from the Emerald Isle is so much greater than those from any other country, perhaps we might say from all other countries, as to exhibit them more prominently in the line of this discussion. It may also be said, that from the *impulsive* character of these people, and their natural jealousy of restraint, they are more liable to the imputation of unthinkingly enlisting themselves beneath the banner of crafty and designing political demagogues, and thereby exercising a deplorable influence upon the interests and safety of the country. Nor is it more important that foreign residents among us should avoid this injudicious interference in the concerns peculiar to the country, than that those who are admitted to the full privilege of citizenship should abstain from all political interference in the controversy of foreign nations, either of an intestine or of an external character. That family whose attention is too much directed to the concerns of its neighbors, never enjoys entire peace, nor observes good order at home. And this simple domestic truth, is as applicable to Nations as to individuals. Heaven forbid that I should condemn the ex-

ercise of becoming sympathy or brotherly love between members of the great family of mankind, wherever born or wherever their lot may have been cast. But we should not forget in our tender regard for those at a distance, that those with whom we have taken up our chosen abode have paramount claims upon our affections, and that we should beware of the adoption of any measures, which, while they may have a supposed tendency to relieve those whom we have left from oppression, also obviously tend to involve those with whom we are united, in war, and in bloodshed. Avoid as you would a pestilence, every unnecessary interference with the policy or principles of foreign governments. Steer by the chart that has been bequeathed to you by the Father of his Country, "against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, or I may humbly add, the temptations to foreign interference. The jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that they are the most baneful *foes* of a *Republican* Government."

Many of the evils which attend indiscriminate immigration, would be removed, or greatly mitigated, by the salutary effect of a prolonged residence among us, which requirement, necessarily, as a matter of equality, must be applicable to all foreigners. We cannot regulate for classes of men, much less for individuals. The law must be general, and not adapted to the peculiar temperament or idiosyncrasy of men. National Policy clearly requires that the facilities of naturalization should

be diminished. The laws regulating citizenship, have been varied, from the foundation of the government, until the present day, according to circumstances, as affecting the question of National welfare. To say nothing as to the specific laws at this moment, it certainly cannot be contended, that a nation like ours, cannot exercise the power of excluding foreigners, or receiving them upon advantageous terms. If no such power existed, overstocked Europe has nothing to do but to pour in her legions of subjects, born and bred up under the influence of Monarchical Institutions, and paupers, and malefactors, and all,—and thus in the course of a few years, insidiously if not openly, indirectly if not directly, sap and destroy the foundations of a Republic. To say that the Government has the right to defend itself in open war, is but to say that it has the right to protect itself under the panoply of its laws, even in periods of profound peace, by the preparations of peace, and the foresight of peace.

But before proceeding with our remarks on the subject of a modification of the Naturalization laws, and the importance of immediate measures directed to that result, I shall proceed to present in chronological order, the different Legislative enactments of the United States, providing for the naturalization of Aliens.

The Act of March 26th, 1790, required the Alien to reside within the limits and under the jurisdiction of the United States two years before his admission as a citizen. The Act of February 13th, 1795, required the Alien so

to reside five years before his admission — and the Act of June 18th, 1798, required him thus to reside fourteen years before his admission as a citizen. These Acts have been repealed. The Act of April 14th, 1802, now in force, requires of the Alien five years residence within the limits and under the jurisdiction of the United States before his admission as a citizen. The subsequent acts all recognize the same time of residence. The Act of March 14th, 1790, was the first of those acts. It required the Alien to reside two years within the limits, and under the jurisdiction of the United States before his admission as a citizen. At the time of his admission, he was required to satisfy the Court admitting him, that he was a man of good moral character, and attached to the institutions of the country. He was at the same time required to renounce under oath, or affirmation, all foreign allegiance and titles of Nobility ; and to declare under oath that he would support the Constitution of the United States. The children of the Aliens so naturalized, minors at the time of their parents' naturalization, dwelling within the limits, and under the jurisdiction of the United States, and the children of citizens of the United States, though born beyond the sea, were ordained to be considered as citizens. But no one was to enjoy the rights of citizenship whose father had never resided within the limits of the United States. This act was repealed by the act of 1795.

The Act of February 13th, 1793, was the second of



those Acts. This act required the Alien to reside five years within the limits and under the jurisdiction of the United States before his admission as a citizen. The Alien's character and behavior, his renunciation of his foreign allegiance, and titles of nobility — his declaration of intention, his promise under oath or affirmation to support the Constitution of the United States, were the same as those of the act of 1802, to which I shall hereafter refer. This act was repealed by that of 1798.

The Act of June 18th, 1798, which was the third of those acts, required of the Alien to reside fourteen years, within the limits of the United States before his admission as a citizen. Five years before his admission, he was required to declare, under oath or affirmation, his *bona fide* intention to become a citizen of the United States. His evidence of character and behavior, his renunciation of foreign allegiance and titles of nobility, his promise, under oath or affirmation, to support the Constitution of the United States, were the same as those of the act of 1802. Every alien, on his arrival in the United States, was required to be registered by the Clerk of the District Court of the United States, or by the Collector of the Port of Arrival, if there was no such clerk within ten miles, or by some other United States officers appointed for the purpose. At the same time he was required to declare under oath or affirmation, his name, age, former country, his sovereign, occupation, and former residence, and the place where he intended to reside in the United States. All these

declarations and other facts were required to be taken down in writing by such clerk or other officer. A certificate of them was required to be furnished to such alien, and a similar certificate was required to be transmitted within three months to the Secretary of State of the United States. The date of the certificate was ordained to be the evidence before the admitting Court, of the time when the alien's residence commenced in the United States. The Clerk of the Admitting Court was bound to record all the material facts and conditions above stated. He was also bound to record a description of the alien's person, and transmit the same to the Secretary of State of the United States. This act was also repealed by that of 1802.

The Act of April 14th, 1802, the fourth of those acts, provides that the alien shall have resided in the United States five years before his admission. The same act declares, that the alien, three years before his admission, shall, on oath or affirmation, declare his *bona fide* intention to become a citizen of the United States, and renounce forever all foreign allegiance generally, and especially his allegiance to his immediate Sovereign, — and in the same way renounce all titles of nobility. At the time of his admission he must declare, on oath or affirmation, that he will support the Constitution of the United States, and again in the same way renounce all foreign allegiance generally and specially. At the time of this admission, he must satisfy the Court, that, during his residence he has behaved as a man of good

moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same. At the same time he was required again in the same manner to renounce generally and specially all foreign allegiance, and all titles of nobility,—and under oath or affirmation, to promise that he would support the Constitution of the United States. Any Court of record in any individual State, having common law jurisdiction, and a Seal and Clerk or prothonotary, shall be considered a District Court within the meaning of this act, and capable of receiving Declarations of Intention and admitting foreigners as citizens. The children of persons duly naturalized under any of the laws of the United States, or under the laws of any of the States before the passage of any United States laws on the subject, and who were minors at the time of the naturalization of their parents, shall, if dwelling in the United States, be considered as citizens of the United States, and so shall the children of such persons as now are, or shall hereafter be citizens of the United States—provided, by the same act, that the rights of citizenship shall not descend to persons whose fathers have never resided in the United States.

The Act of March 26th, 1804, was the fifth of those acts. This act provides, that any person who was residing within the limits, and under the jurisdiction of the United States at any time between June 18th, 1798, and April 14th, 1802, and having so continued to



reside, may become a citizen of the United States without declaration of intention, required by the act of April 14th, 1802. The same act provides, that if any alien shall have made the declaration required by the act of April 14th, 1802, and shall have pursued the directions of the first and second sections of the same act requiring a general and special renunciation of foreign allegiance, and if such alien die before admission, his widow and children shall be considered as citizens of the United States, and entitled to all the rights of citizenship, on taking the oaths or affirmations prescribed by law.

The Act of March 3d, 1813, was the sixth of those acts. This act provides that no person who shall arrive in the United States, from and after the termination of the war in which the United States were then engaged with Great Britain, who shall not for the continued term of five years next preceding his admission as aforesaid, have resided within the United States without being at any time during the said five years out of the territory of the United States.

The Act of March 22d, 1816, was the seventh of those acts. Any alien, having resided in the United States between the 18th June, 1793, and the 14th April, 1802, and having continued so to reside, shall become a citizen of the United States without the declaration of intention required by the act of April 14th, 1809. By the same act, it is required that any alien having so resided before the 14th April, 1802, and making ap-

plication for admission without the certificate of the Declaration of Intention required by the said act of April 14th, 1802, shall prove to the satisfaction of the Court applied to for admission, that he did so reside before the 14th April, 1802, and that he has continued to reside in the same. But the alien's residence within the limits and under the jurisdiction of the United States for five years preceding his application, must be proved by the oaths or affirmations of citizens of the United States.

The Act of May 26th, 1824, was the eighth of those acts. This act provides, that any alien minor who shall have resided in the United States three years before attaining his majority, and next preceding such majority of twenty-one years, may, after arriving at such majority of twenty-one years, and after having resided in the United States five years, including the three years of his minority, become a citizen of the United States without making the declaration of intention required by the act of April 14th, 1802. But such alien must, at the time of his admission, satisfy the Court that, for three years preceding his application, it had been his *bona fide* intention to become a citizen of the United States.

The Act of May 24th, 1828, was the ninth of those acts. This act merely repeals certain sections of prior acts.

The Courts empowered to receive the declarations and admit aliens, are Courts of record of the United States, or of a State, or of a Territory, or of the Dis-

trict of Columbia. The oath of the alien himself, or his affirmation, are permitted to prove nearly all his personal states and conditions excepting his residence.

Now I am rejoiced to be able to say that it has been confided to one of our ablest Representatives in Congress,\* a man the most distinguished, among the distinguished, for his virtues and his talents, to procure from the National Legislature such alteration of the existing laws upon this great subject, as will be calculated to secure the country in future from the destructiveness of foreign influence exercised too often and too fatally within the very vitals of the land. Let us always remember the experience and history of the past. Athens, the Queen of the Violet Crown,—the proud and peerless mistress of the world, was still curelessly corrupted by Persian Gold;—and all Greece was divided and destroyed, from the moment that Philip of Macedon became one of the Amphyctionic council. The mere alteration of the laws just referred to, however satisfactory in its character, can virtually amount to nothing, unless such measures or collateral provisions be adopted as may lead effectually to guard and protect them from circumvention and fraud, or the scarcely less fatal effects of indifference, inattention or neglect on the part of those to whom their practical enforcement or execution may be entrusted. Nay; even if these difficulties or apprehensions were removed, it would still be insufficient. Unnaturalized foreigners, in

\* Hon. J. R. Ingersoll.

the assumed guise of citizens, may interfere in a thousand ways, which the mind of the reader will suggest, (without my pausing to present and consider them,) with the purity and result of our elections. This must be obviated by being rendered highly penal, and that, too, with a precision and distinctness that will prevent any escape or evasion. In the enactment of the laws alluded to, great care should be taken, not only to prevent the adoption of foreigners before they become familiar with our institutions and identified with the interests of the country, but we must also look to their moral qualifications and fitness, without which no length of time should *entitle them* either to declare their intentions to become citizens, or finally entitle them to become legalized members of this great Republic. There is no injustice, no hardship in all this. In its consequences it will be a blessing to the entire community and country, — and any man that does not perceive it, must attribute the want of the discovery to the fact that his own feelings or senses have not become sufficiently Americanized, but that he contemplates this great subject under the influence of foreign prejudice, or in other words, through foreign spectacles. The very laws, the very protection here recommended, can impose no restrictions upon our citizens, either native or naturalized, as they now exist. Upon the contrary, they even give to our adopted brethren, if I may so call them, almost incalculable advantages. To speak of it as it bears upon foreigners alone, is it not mon-

strous, that where there are millions among us who have been engrafted upon our stock for the last twenty years, and grown up with us, and now enjoy all our immunities and privileges, that any and every person who may come for the first time on our shores to-morrow, shall, in five years from that time, exercise the same power over matters that involve your pecuniary, moral, civil, political, or religious interest, as those who are the children of the soil, or who have been united to it by long and laborious years, all manifesting devotion to its prosperity, — whose families are here, whose property is here, whose feelings are here, and whose hopes are here, to the exclusion of all foreign attraction or affinity? I say nothing now of usurped offices, or aspiration after supremacy of themselves or others, over the present residents — things that are well and practically understood; but still, these matters, if taken into account, add largely to the oppressiveness and enormity of the picture.

The details of those laws thus suggested, must be carefully considered, and from time to time improved, as circumstances may require. Immigrants should be required to bring with them certificates of a satisfactory character from our foreign ministers or consuls, that we may avoid the responsibility for the support of paupers, and escape what is much worse, the contagious example, as well as the direct curse, arising from the immigration of criminals and felons into the bosom of the country, which, like bad motives in the human heart, infect and contaminate the whole body politic.



To show that this is not an imaginary evil, against which I direct these remarks, I refer the reader to the statement of Mr. List, U. S. Consul at Leipsic. In an official letter he states, that propositions have been made in Saxony, for transporting criminals to the port of Bremen, and embarking them for the United States, which offers have been generally accepted. The first transport of criminals, who, for the greater part had been condemned to hard labor for life, some of whom are notorious robbers, will leave Gotha on the 10th of this month—and it is intended, by-and-by, to empty the jails and work-houses of that country in this manner! It has of late, also, become a general practice in the towns and boroughs of Germany, to get rid of their paupers and vicious members, by collecting the means for effecting their passage to the United States, among the inhabitants, and by supplying them from the public funds. What, my fellow citizens, is to be the result of this course? Pauperism, crime, contaminative outrage, overflowing prisons, swarming alms-houses, increased taxation, and finally, a total overthrow either of the government, or at all events, of all that makes the government worthy of preservation,—fair to the eye and precious to the heart.

My task is now done. I have, in a hasty and imperfect manner, presented to the public the prominent principles and views of the great American Party—summed up thus:—The inviolable sanctity of the Bible; entire freedom of conscience; the exclusion of

foreign influence, and the adoption of such laws as may in future preclude its exercise. It will be observed, that, in regard to our National Constitution, the views of this Party are strictly conservative. While they jealously guard their own inestimable rights, secured to them by the wisdom and valor of their forefathers, who gave blood and life for liberty, they do not entrench upon the rights of others, either as individuals or as sects — as men or as Christians. We open our arms, and our homes, and our hearts, to the persecuted and oppressed. We tender them protection, support and encouragement. We offer to them and their children, to the end of time, the advantages and the countless blessings of the most glorious Republic that the world ever knew, or the sun ever saw, — and all that we ask in return, is their hearty concurrence in those wholesome and salutary regulations, without which, the government which guard them and us in a few years must cease to exist, and furnish another hapless illustration to the historic page, of the instability of Republics.

# THE AMERICAN MOVEMENT.

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BY CHARLES R. ATWOOD.

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THE important question which is now agitating the public mind, involves, as we believe, the most momentous consequences, and should be studied and pondered, and effectually acted upon, by every lover of our liberty, and our country, without longer hesitation or delay. We mean the great question of foreign citizenship, involved in the perpetuity of our present naturalization laws, now under discussion by the people, a question which has brought into existence a new political party.

Thus far every movement which has been made by the new party, has shaken the pillars of the Belshazzar palaces of the old political organizations, from top to bottom, and the bats and owls have been driven from their hiding places, while the dust of ages, in which the unclean political birds have built their nests, and performed their incubations, has been shaken from architrave and column into the eyes of the astonished political high-priests, now in power.

This wonderful dust, thus disturbed, is producing, in



many instances, unaccountable mirages, in and through which political schemes, dreams and expectations present themselves in a luminous and double form — and in other cases a kind of opthalmy, which darkens the political horizon like an eclipse, compelling the old fogies to see stars, and sometimes comets, with very long tails, in the day time.

The new party, as we understand, professes to be American in heart and soul — it proposes the repeal, or modification of the present naturalization laws — opposes the election of all foreigners, and especially Roman Catholics, to any office in the gift of the people, and demands the enactment of such laws by Congress, as shall effectually prohibit the emigration and transportation of the profligacy of the old country, in the shape of felons and other outcasts, to this country, which has proved a bane and curse from the commencement of its organization to the present time.

Hitherto, this fœtid tide has been, not only permitted, but encouraged by those in power, to pour its rank and poisonous streams, broadcast, throughout our country, carrying death and desolation — crime, misery and pauperism into city, town and hamlet.

The members of the American Party, have planted themselves upon the principles which laid the foundation of our glorious Republic, and have pledged themselves to peril all, for the maintenance and perpetuity of that liberty and independence, which was secured to us by the blood and treasure of our fathers. To this

end, the honest and true hearted native sons of all parties, have combined, and are still combining — and in order to secure success, which shall be permanent, they have broken the shackles of the old parties, which have so long bound them hand and foot, and formed a new party, whose shield is the American Eagle, whose principles those of the immortal Washington.

They are well aware that to ensure this success, it will be in the outset necessary to break up the old parties, which have so long pandered for the foreign vote, by kissing hands with Roman Catholic Bishops, and bowing in servility before the august toe of his majesty the Pope. Such a desecration of American principles, and the true spirit of independence, and liberty, by any party, deserves the contempt of all honest men.

They therefore propose to crush out all hybrid organizations of this kind — to turn out the money-changers from the political temple, and to perform a lustration which shall be healthy and salutary for the country. The pettifogging demagogues and wire-pulling pimps, the unprincipled and corrupt political hacks, who by the purchase and sale of votes, and the reckless disregard of all moral principle, which has so long disgraced themselves, and our political parties — and through them our country — must be nailed to the pillory of public indignation and scorn — and the rights and privileges of American citizens, must be preserved, maintained and secured for the future, by placing in office none but honest, and patriotic native-born citizens.

They believe that the free institutions of our country are in danger from the insidious workings of perjured Jesuits, who are through the complicity of certain political Judases, — neither few nor far between — endeavoring to fasten their poisonous fangs upon the very heart of liberty — to sap its life-blood, and to tumble its glorious temple into ruins, for the purpose of erecting thereupon the liberty crushing hierarchy of the Harlot, and establishing here the supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church, to be followed by its concomitants, ignorance, superstition, lust, crime and despotism. And therefore, it is that this new party have planted themselves upon the broad platform of American rights and freedom, determined to fight under the stars and stripes of our flag, until the ballot box is purged of the votes of foreigners — our laws made, and justice administered, by none but native born citizens.

A great hue and cry is sounding throughout the country, in the columns of some of the leading political journals of the day, against this American movement. Those who are engaged in it, are denounced as enemies to liberty, free suffrage, and the legitimate principles of democracy, and freedom. We are told that a foreigner, after passing through the crucible of naturalization, should be considered equal in all particulars to an American — allowed to vote — hold office — make our laws, and take rank in all respects with the native citizen. That it is in derogation of the first principles of freedom, to disfranchise any man, on account of his

birth, his country or his creed. This doctrine the new party repudiate ; these assertions they deny, and boldly denounce the naturalization laws as they now stand, as a fraud upon the rights of every native born citizen, subversive of the first principles of true liberty, and productive — in a majority of cases — of the rankest perjury and deception.

This preposterous claim from these fast demagogues, and the Pope, for such tools and vassals to be admitted to the privileges of citizenship, by merely renouncing allegiance to other powers, on the part of the applicants, is in perfect keeping with the principles of the former, and the pretensions of the latter. But how much of the spirit of reciprocity does his Holiness manifest, with regard to the rights and privileges of Protestants under his government, where the sacred rights of sepulture are still denied our countrymen by this same immaculate pretender and despot. And of what binding force is an oath administered by a Protestant to a Catholic ? Cannot the priest absolve him and make him believe that he is serving both God and the Pope by committing perjury ? Is there, then, any safety for us, for our country, as long as the present naturalization laws last ? The new party answer emphatically, No !

Moreover, voters, in many of our cities are manufactured by the wholesale — and to order — to suit purchasers, without regard to character or qualification ; and it is the systematic practice of foreign governments to export their paupers, jail-birds, felons and criminals

of all descriptions, from their alms-houses, and prisons to this country — paying their transportation in advance — for the purpose of relieving their own countries from such an incubus and curse, and enriching our country with such an invaluable acquisition.

This has been the practice for years, and the number of these exported emigrants is still rapidly increasing ; these facts are, and have been from the commencement, well known to our government, and up to the present time, we have had no Executive which has dared to call attention to the same — no national Legislature that has dared to interfere for its suppression. Do these men at the head of our government want these social outcasts for voters ? They can always depend upon their votes so long as the bribe offered is sufficiently large, and that rarely fails when the parties in the market have both hands in the public crib, and Uncle Sam's money-bags are in a plethoric condition ! Such men connive at the continuance of the present, and would doubtless oppose any other laws intended for the prohibition of the export and emigration of such candidates for American citizenship. Such men also seriously tell us, that this is the class of people whom this free republic must consent to install into the privileges of American citizens, in order to carry out the true spirit of liberty and freedom. Do they consider how much this statement includes ? Without doubt there are many good persons who come to this country from abroad, but we regret to say facts prove that there are



many bad people also. And what we complain of is, that we are compelled, under the present laws, to take this latter class to our arms and sympathies, as good candidates for voters, office-holders and law-makers. A class of people who are without the slightest qualification for any such trust. What say you, reader, ought this so to be?

Is there any safety for our laws, our institutions, or our country, while such is the fact? We say, no! Is it safe to trust the making of our laws to any party, which is base enough to pander for such voters, or to uphold and sustain such an unprincipled and dangerous system? Is it safe to confide the ship of State to the management of such a piratical crew, as would inevitably be shipped by any party, professing such political sentiments as those which the new party have arisen to put down? — again we answer, NO!

Any men or set of men who are willing to seek an election by such means, and from such sources, must hereafter be content to have themselves classed as the friends and supporters of those, who burn our houses, plunder our property, murder and mob our citizens, rob our defenceless old men and women, overrun our prisons and alms-houses, ravish our wives and daughters, upon our very hearth-stones, waylay and mal-treat our innocent and helpless females, in our fields and forests, making them victims to their beastly lusts, turning our Sabbaths into drunken holidays, and making our streets unsafe by night and day. Is it safe to

trust politicians, who band and fraternize with such a class, for the purpose of putting themselves into power? In God's name, we repeat, NO! — Away with all such laws, and law-makers — down with all such political hacks, and demagogues, who, by seeking such contaminating alliances, would sell their birth-right for less than a mess of pottage.

[Plant the stars and stripes upon the great platform of American liberty; let our watchword be now and forever — “ Put none but Americans on guard here for all coming time.” Let us hereafter place such men in power as we can trust — men whom we know to be true to liberty, in its true sense — men who will pass such naturalization laws, as shall effectually and forever put down and crush out all the elements which are now at work to undermine our freedom,] and bring us to the feet of the Pope of Rome. [Men who love liberty, and will devote themselves to the preservation of their country and its glorious institutions.] We have had the temple of liberty desecrated long enough — our old men have been mal-treated and knocked down at the polls, insulted and abused, driven from our ballot boxes, by those, or the like of them, who have been sent here by the despots of the old world, and made citizens under the present laws, long enough, one would suppose, to satisfy the largest lovers of liberty! It becomes our sacred duty, therefore, to unite as one man, and resolve to bring back this government to the administration of those principles upon which it was originally founded.

In order to keep the ark of liberty safe, it must be confided solely to the hands of native born citizens, to those in whom the love of country is paramount to all other considerations.

This gasconade which politicians and political newspapers make about the spirit of liberty, — open arms to all foreigners — a refuge for the down-trodden of other lands — citizenship for paupers and criminals; equal rights and privileges to emigrants without qualification, or discrimination — free-suffrages and fellowship with the offscourings of despotism, is an unmitigated humbug — wicked, dangerous and disastrous in its effects, and must be stayed at all hazards — and we trust that every patriotic son of liberty will respond **amen** to this declaration. We call upon all Americans, therefore, to come to the rescue, and for this purpose to put into requisition the united strength, the backbone and the strong arm of our country.

Fellow citizens, if you would preserve the liberties of your country, and keep the watchfires around its altar burning forever, away with these fatal delusions, which designing intriguers, men without principle, or love of country, are endeavoring to instil into your minds, for the purpose of obtaining power and place, regardless of the consequences — earnest and hopeful for nothing but their own benefit and exaltation. Their motto is, “to the victors belong the spoils” — heed them not — trust them not — put them effectually and forever down, and fill all offices with native American



born citizens. Thus, and thus only, can you preserve and perpetuate the liberties confided to your trust by the immortal heroes of our revolution. Thus, and thus only, can you transmit your inheritance to your children.

[The bugles of liberty are now sounding from hill top and valley — from shore to shore — from sea to sea; — up, then, and arm for the coming contest, and let our rallying cry forever be, the star-spangled banner — the home of the free.]

# THE BURSTING OF THE CHAIN.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

AN ANTHEM FOR THE THIRD CENTENARY OF THE  
REFORMATION.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. H. CLARKE.

AN offering to the shrine of Power  
    *Our* hands shall never bring —  
A garland on the car of Pomp  
    *Our* hands shall never fling —  
Applauding in the Conqueror's path  
    *Our* voices ne'er shall be ;  
But we have hearts to honor those  
    Who bade the world go free !

Stern Ignorance man's soul had bound  
    In fetters rusted o'er  
With tears — with scalding human tears —  
    And red with human gore ;  
But men arose — *the* MEN to whom  
    We bend the freeman's knee —  
Who, God-encouraged, burst the chain,  
    And made our fathers free !

Light dwelt where darkness erst had been —  
The morn of mind arose —  
The dawning of that day of love  
Which never more shall close ;  
Joy grew more joyful, and more green  
The valley and the lea, —  
The glorious sun from heaven look'd down,  
And smiled upon the free !

Truth came, and made its home below ;  
And universal love,  
And brotherhood, and peace, and joy,  
Are following from above :  
And happy ages on the earth  
Humanity shall see ;  
And happy lips shall bless their names  
Who made our children free !

Praise to the good — the pure — the great—  
Who made us what we are ! —  
Who lit the flame which yet shall glow  
With radiance brighter far : —  
Glory to them in coming time,  
And through eternity !  
They burst the captive's galling chain,  
And bade the world go free !

## LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

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BY MRS. N. S. MUNROE.

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“What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
They sought a faith’s pure shrine.”

YES, they sought a faith’s pure shrine. Fleeing from persecution, pressing the faith they loved close to their hearts — willing to bear all, suffer all, for that faith’s sake — leaving the land they loved and the graves of their kindred — weary with tossing upon the deep — mooring their bark at last on the wild New England shore — stepping their feet upon the cold, barren rocks — the shore white with snow before them — cold Winter around — no house — no home — so came the wanderers in the *Mayflower* to Plymouth Rock. Was there anything cheering in the prospect? Must they not have loved their faith to have it support them now.

Stern, hardy men were there, who could buffet with the elements, swing the axe, and build themselves a





home and feel what a glorious thing it is to be free. But woman was there, and children, too; yea, the child whose eyes had but a few days before opened upon the world. What could they do? Yet they had a mission too.

History tells us, and we suppose tells us true, that the desire for religious freedom was the prime cause of the settlement of this country; but always, underneath the principal causes of any great movement, flow a hundred undercurrents.

Not all came for the love of their faith. Some were influenced by other motives; for there on board the *Mayflower*, mixed with the stern Puritans, were two who possessed not even the Puritanic faith. They made no long prayers, but read them from the liturgy of the Church of England.

Yet they too had fled, like their stern companions, from persecutions, not for religion, but for love's sake. He, the son of a noble but impoverished family, had been expected by a proud father to retrieve his fortunes by marrying an heiress; but unfortunately fixing his affections upon one no richer than himself, and marrying her secretly, his father had discarded him forever. She, too, had incurred the deep displeasure of her parents. And so, leaving father, mother and home, stung in their hearts, they had come to the wilds of America, little knowing what they must endure.

Silently they had fled. No father nor mother's blessing followed them; and sometimes when the



storm howled around their vessel, Alice Howard had thought of this, and feared she was treading an unhallowed path.

Yet there they were at last. Hardy men rejoiced that the journey was over, and saw even on this barren shore, a home; and woman, too, hoping and trusting ever, looked forward even through the winter's gloom, for the coming spring.

The cold blast thrilled through and through the frame of Alice, as she clung to the side of her husband, and she thought of the green fields and hedges of merry England. She said nothing, however, to discourage Albert, but looked as unnerved as the hardest matron among them.

How needless to speak of the hardships of that winter. Strong must have been the love and the faith which supported them through it all. Yet they were supported. Love and faith both found strength at the throne of grace. The prayers of the Puritans and their long exhortations rose on the wintry air, and the voices of Albert Howard and his wife read the prayers of the Church of England, and each received strength and courage through their different modes of worship; and the Puritans loved the members of what they styled the "Church full of abominations," and all the children of the colony loved them, so surely do gentleness and love win alike the hearts of the sternest and frailest of human creatures.

But it was a hard, long winter, and Alice rejoiced



like a very child when she heard the first spring bird, and found the first purple violet. Then the warm days came, and Alice went out with the rest of the women into the fields. Their houses, as may well be imagined, were rude affairs; and called not for much labor in their arrangements, and offered but few attractions for indoor life; so when the weather was mild, it was a luxury to be out of doors.

But Alice's labor was merely nominal, perhaps to see that the children did not stray away, or some needle-work which she could do beneath the shade of some far-spreading tree. And often did she sit with all the younger members of the colony about her, telling them simple stories and learning them pretty plays.

But her heart was often sad and heavy, and she sometimes sighed for home;—not but that she loved the people of the colony, but O, she longed for her mother! At night her mother's voice haunted her and waked her from unquiet slumbers. The thought grew more bitter to her every day, that she had left without her blessing. Her mother, gentle and self-sacrificing, she knew would forgive her disobedience; but her father, stern and most unyielding of men, of whom she and her mother had both stood in the greatest awe, when she thought of him it was with fear and trembling. She knew he would never forgive her, though she was his only daughter.

Albert was kind and affectionate, but he took not the mother's place; he must be away with the colonists

hunting or fishing; and she feared, too, with the timidity of a woman who always fears most for what she loves most, that he might suffer harm from some of the wild tribes who roamed the forests. True they had always seemed friendly, but still she could never look upon their dusky figures without a sort of shudder.

Ere the summer was passed, a little babe was laid in the arms of Alice, and as she looked upon the helpless creature she thought how her own mother would have loved and cherished it, and how bitter was the thought that came to her, that that little helpless thing might grow up to womanhood and then leave her to sorrow and uncertainty, even as she herself had done.

Alice was well cared for in her rude home. Kind hands smoothed her pillow and nursed her little infant, and kind hearts encouraged her when she was lonely and sad.

And the little one grew and flourished. Handsome and healthy, the delight of the whole colony. Sure never baby had so many good fathers and good mothers; and the father was proud and happy to see how all loved his child and his gentle wife.

And Alice, too, grew strong and well again; the baby seemed such a comfort to her, and she smiled again as she had not smiled for months.

And then came the Autumn, the time of harvesting. The women must assist the men in their labors, and consequently Alice was left much alone; but she cared

not. Now her baby took up her whole care and attention.

One day she had just hushed it to sleep, laid it up in the bed, and was sitting weary beside it, when the latch was lifted and an Indian woman entered. Though Alice was afraid of the men, she felt no fear of the women, and the one that now entered had a soft and winning countenance, and withal a sad look that went to her heart, so she bade her be seated. She did so, looking all the while at the baby with eager, watchful eyes. Alice was pleased, as young mothers will be, to see their children noticed. She made motions to the woman as asking her how many children she had.

The woman sat for a moment rocking her body to and fro, then she held up one finger of her right hand; then made a motion as if laying a child in the ground, then folded her arms upon her breast and rocked her body to and fro as before, giving Alice to understand that her child was dead.

Alice felt for her. She knew that the Indian woman had loved her baby, even as she loved her own sweet cherub. As if to assure her of sympathy, she took her hands within her own and pressed them to her heart, while the tears stood in her eyes.

The woman still lingered, and Alice thinking that she might be hungry, made signs to that effect. The woman bowed her head.

Alice rose and left the room. She was not gone five minutes; but when she returned, to her great hor-

ror her child was gone — no trace of him, or of the woman! Gone — stolen! As the full force of the truth rushed upon her she staggered and came near falling. Then she rushed to the door. She strained her eyes in every direction. No sign of child or woman. Half frantic, she called, she shouted, and the echo of her own voice mocked her agony.

“My child, my darling boy. O, God, has he been stolen from me. Fiend in woman’s shape, where are you?” With the fleetness of a deer she started as in pursuit; but whither should she direct her steps? Not far from her house stood the forest; once in its depths and familiar with its recesses, the Indian woman might defy her pursuers. Alice ran as far as the wood, then suddenly stopped. Alone, her task was hopeless; she should lose herself and fail to find her child. She turned her steps to the field where she knew some women, together with her husband and some other male members of the colony were at work. She almost flew over the ground, and yet it seemed as if she should never reach them, and every minute her child was going farther from her. The field was full half a mile from the house, and in an opposite direction to the wood.

They saw her coming, and crowded around her. “What is the matter, Alice?”

“My child is gone,” said she. “They have robbed me of my child. Quick, for the love of God!”

There was no tear in her eyes as she said this — they

were glazed and bright. Her hair was falling loose over her shoulders, and streaming in the wind, and it was no wonder that at first sight they thought her deranged. A moment's pause, in which they stood looking at one another. Alice was in agony.

"Will no one start to help me?" she almost shrieked.

"Alice," said her husband, taking her hands, "my poor Alice, what is it you say?"

"Say, Albert," said she, and she forced herself to be calm, and her words carried conviction with them—"say that our child is gone, is stolen! An Indian woman came into the house, I left her but a moment, and when I came back she was gone, and my baby, too; and yet I live to tell it you."

It was enough. Not a foot but now was ready to start at her bidding, not a heart but was ready for her service. Strong, hardy men came forward.

"Go home, Alice," said they, we will find your child."

"Home!" said the poor creature; "the mother whose child is gone has no home. Mother," cried she, turning her glazed eyes to heaven, "thou art avenged."

Only one there knew the deep meaning of her words, and a pang bitter as death smote through his heart. "Alice, my own Alice, do not despair, we will find him yet."

They scoured the forest far and near. They went in different parties, and in different directions, and at nightfall they came in to make their report; but the lost was not found.

Last of all came the party who had gone to the Indian camp, and with them, the poor heart-stricken mother. No power on earth could have kept her at home, so she had followed them to the camp. She felt no fatigue; all feeling was lost in that one dreadful thought, that her child was gone!

But the Indians could give them no information. None of their tribe were missing; and the chief, at their request, made all the women of the tribe to pass before them while the mother stood with her breath suspended and her quick, eager eye scanning every dusky face as it passed before her. But *she* was not there. Hope grew faint within the mother's heart. She turned away in despair.

On the way back her step grew feeble, for the hope that had supported her was gone. The north wind blew cold and chill, the black clouds came up and flew wildly across the heavens. Strong arms supported Alice or she would have fallen. At last they were obliged to make a rough litter of the dead limbs of trees, on which the men spread their coats, taking them from their shoulders, and so they bore her on. But still no tears had fallen. Her hands were hot, her eyes wide open, as if she could not shut them, and ever and anon she mourned — "My child, my child!"

She took no notice of any one, not even of her husband, who, in his intense anxiety for her and sympathy for her anguish, almost forgot his child, or wished its return but to allay her overpowering grief.



Ere they reached home, a blinding sleet began to fall and blew full in their faces. Everything promised a furious night. 'Twas a sad procession; and when the different parties met, no questions were asked, for the eyes alone could tell the sad tale.

It was early in the season for such a hard storm as raged that night; yet some of the strongest and bravest ventured forth to the search, although it seemed a hopeless undertaking.

Who can tell the mother's agony through that long night — that night of storm and tempest. Where was the babe that should have nestled in her bosom. Her arms were empty, her brain was on fire; O, what would become of her? She could not pray. Would God hear her prayer for her lost child? — had she not inflicted the same torture upon the mother that bore her? Through that long night those wide open eyes never closed. She had watchers around her whose hearts bled for her, but she noticed them not. Still and ever that unceasing moan, that putting forth of those empty arms, and that unceasing cry, "My child, my child!"

The morning came, the party returned, but no traces of her child. Alice asked no questions; she knew if he was found she should know it. The day passed by and still they searched, another night and they gave him not up, and now the third day and Alice lay pale, and weary, and faint upon her bed; but a change had come over her. She spoke gently and affectionately to



the kind friends about her, thanking them for their care. She held her husband's hand within her own and looked up kindly and affectionately into his face. But she had not mentioned her babe. She could not yet bring herself to speak of him.

On the afternoon of that day, Albert sat by the bedside of his wife. She had just been asleep and he had been watching her. Pale as a corpse she lay before him, and the dread thought had come upon his heart that she might die.

Alice opened her eyes. Albert was sitting with his back to the door. As she was lying, no one could enter without her seeing them.

"How do you feel, Alice?" said he, as she woke. Something caught her eye; her whole countenance changed; she pressed his hands hard in her grasp. Silently the door had opened, stealthily a figure passed into the room—a figure bearing a child, a sleeping child. Alice could bear it no longer. She started upright in her bed. She shouted aloud, "Woman, give me my child, my baby."

The figure advanced towards her. Yes, it was the same, the same sad melancholy face. Carefully, even as a mother, she bore the sleeping child—bore it even to the bedside, laid it in the mother's arms, and then folded her arms over her heart, and stood there still and silent.

Alice held her lost baby in her embrace once more. She feasted her eyes upon him, and one by one the big

round tears came coursing down her cheeks, falling like a summer's shower upon her baby's face. He opened his eyes; he knew his mother; stretched out his little arms to her and smiled. She pressed him to her heart; she smothered him with kisses; she laughed aloud; she cried, then held him towards his father and fell back exhausted on the pillow, saying, "God, I thank thee."

All this time the Indian woman stood there; and as she watched the joy of the mother, a satisfied smile broke over her dark, sad features.

The father held his child in his arms and thanked God.

Then Alice started up again; she reached forward to the woman; she took her hands in hers, and said, in thrilling tones which would convey their meaning to the heart, though the words might not be understood,

"Woman, why did you take away my child? Did you not know that I should die, if he was taken from me?"

The woman held out her empty arms, pointed to the ground, then pressed her hands to her heart, then she broke forth in a low, funeral chant, painful to hear. Then she spoke in her native language, her sweet, musical tones, pointing first to the babe, then to the forest; the import of her words and gestures seemed to be that she thought the white woman's child might take the place of her own lost darling. The whole of her story, gathered from her broken English and sig-

nificant gestures, was, that she had been tempted to take the child to satisfy the yearning of her heart ; she had borne him to her home, but when there she be- thought herself of the mother's anguish, and she judged the white woman's heart by her own, and her heart forbade her doing such a great wrong, so she had brought him back, well and healthy, as when she had taken him away ; and this was the story.

Night came, and the news spread through the settlement that the lost was found, and there was great rejoicing.

Still the Indian woman lingered, and strange to say, Alice felt no fear of her, she seemed to understand the poor bereaved heart. She at last made her comprehend that if she wished, she might stay and live with the whites. Her dark eyes brightened ; this was evidently what she wished ; she should be near the child of her adoption, she might, with the mother, share the care of him without blame. So the dark woman stayed, and Alice was happy once more.

Years passed, and the colony grew and prospered, and communications with England became more and more frequent. Albert Howard was now a teacher, and was loved and respected by all. The Indian woman still lived in the family — still watched over the welfare of the child she loved, though he was now a great, hardy lad of some seven or eight summers. There were other claimants for the white mother's love, but the Indian mother still loved the child of her

adoption with a perfect and all-absorbing affection. A vessel from England, — and many hearts in the colony leaped with joy to hear the intelligence, eager for news from dear and distant friends.

Alice was always sad when she heard of these arrivals for she knew they bore no good tidings for her.

With this vessel it was said there were many who intended to settle among them, but this was naught to her.

A middle aged woman and a young man who came passengers in the vessel, entered the village and inquired for the house of Albert Howard. One of the inhabitants offered to go with him to the door. Although a man, his curiosity was strong, and wishing to know who the strangers were, he entered with them. Alice turned around as the door opened; one look at the face of the woman and she rushed into her arms with a wild cry of joy. It was her mother. The mother she had forsaken, and whose image had haunted her for so many years. She looked up into her face, her dearly loved face; she smoothed down her hair now beginning to be streaked with white, she kissed the lips which had never ceased to pray for her, and said, "My mother, will you, have you forgiven me?"

She brought her children to her and asked her to bless them; never but once before had she been so wild with joy.

"And have you no word for me, Alice?" said a manly voice beside her. She had not noticed him as he

entered. Could it be it was the brother she had left a mere stripling? It was so; and she threw her arms around his neck, telling him how glad she was to see him.

And now Alice noticed that her mother was dressed in a widow's garb. She had not dared to inquire for her father, but her mother read her anxious look and answered it.

"My dear Alice, your father has left us for a better world."

Alice hid her face in her hands and wept bitter tears. She thought how she had disobeyed him, and perhaps embittered his last days. She sobbed bitterly.

"And he did not bless me? Say, mother, that he did not curse me."

"He forgave you, Alice. He said he had been too severe, and charged me to bear you his forgiveness."

"And you will stay with me, my mother. You know not what a weight your presence takes from my heart; and Albert will be so rejoiced to see you; you will love him for my sake, mother; he is a kind, good husband. You will never leave me, my mother, and we will be so happy." And she kissed her again and again. "But how did you know we were here?"

"I heard of it indirectly but a short time before your father's death, and after that, having no ties to bind us to England, I thought I would seek out my disobedient daughter, and see if she still loved me."

"Better than life, my own mother,—and now we will be so happy."

## PRIESTCRAFT.\*

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BY HON. ANSON BURLINGAME.

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When Romanism issued forth from the Eternal City, from beneath the broken altars and the falling gods of Pantheism, it commended itself to the people. Its system was simple, consisting of a Bishop and a few assistants. But soon the Bishop of Rome dominated over the other bishops of the Roman Empire, and ere long claimed that the See of Rome was established by St. Peter himself, and that he was his successor. Deep down in this lie, the foundations of Papacy were laid. Fifteen hundred years ago the Bishop of Rome claimed to be the head of the Church, and assumed the name of Pope. A thousand years ago, temporal was added to his spiritual power. Then followed in quick succession the adoption of those doctrines one would suppose abhorrent to reason, the doctrines of Purgatory and Transubstantiation. And so it went on, giving the dark hue of its own spirit to long ages, till it became the most stupendous oppression known to man. Protestantism fell upon it like a thunderbolt, but it did not

\* Extract from an Oration delivered in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1854.



subdue it ; and the great war so nobly commenced by Wickliff and Huss and Luther and Calvin, still goes on. It is true that Zisca does not now pierce the papacy with his sword. The great Cromwell does not trample it down under his feet, and our fathers do not rush through a gap in the Alleghanies, Washington at their head, to sweep it from the valley of the Mississippi ;— but still the great war of ideas goes on.

The Church assumes a milder aspect, and speaks no longer of the fagot and the flame, of the rack and torture. It would fain forget the Inquisition, the war upon the Waldenses, Bartholomew, and the fires of Smithfield. It speaks sweetly of Massilon, and Fenelon and Chrysostom, "*the golden mouthed.*" It charms the ear with the divinest music ; it delights the eye with the finest creations of genius ; it excites the imagination by the splendor of its ceremonies, takes captive the senses, and almost overcomes the reason. Is it strange, then, when we consider its age, its power, its pretension, that the ignorant should behold in its mighty and mysterious movements the hand of Divinity itself ? No ! it is not subdued. It sways the soul of two-thirds of Christendom at this day ; it counts its devotees by hundreds of millions ; its convent bells are ringing in all lands ; the spires of its cathedrals pierce every sky ; its hardy missionaries penetrate every continent and seek all the isles of the sea. It has let loose again that terrible order of Jesuits, who, acting upon the infamous maxim, that the end justifies the means, lure



governments and men to ruin. It trains its priesthood to still stricter celibacy, that they may not lose the lust of power in the love of home. It may not call the German king from his forests and force him to stand three days at the Vatican with bare head and feet, exposed to the winds of winter. No! it invokes the aid of emperors, and obtains it; it makes statesmen its puppets, and miserable republican politicians its scavengers. Not him of old who sowed the pestilence so wronged humanity.

See the bright lands it has blighted! and when these are placed in contrast with those Protestantism has blessed, the disciples of the Church say, "We admit the material prosperity, but it is better for men that they remain ignorant, so they seek Heaven through the gates of the Church." It works openly, works secretly, with the pen, with the sword. Yes, with the sword! The great war in Europe, now raging, had its origin in the machinations of the Church. Did it not place Louis Napoleon on the throne of France? Did it not demand that it might settle the Eastern question — the guardianship of the Holy Places of Palestine? If the Latin Church could make demands, why not the schismatic Greek Church? of which the Czar is the head. I cannot pursue this great question; but you will find in this distant cause the origin of the terrible war that is now taking place in Europe. And we find Protestant England — after eating what insane root I cannot imagine — in the first place in al-

liance with the most warlike Catholic country, and about entering into alliance with the second most warlike country, with the implied understanding that the Pope shall still continue in his seat, and the young Emperor of Austria, his lips purple with perjury, still hold his feet on the neck of poor Hungary. Well may the people of England inquire, "For what do we fight?" I honor the people of England for forcing that government into the war. It was the conscience of England, — for they supposed they were to fight for the weak against the strong, for the integrity of nations; but they did not comprehend the depth of European diplomacy. I cannot enter further into this question; I will only utter this prophecy, that the legions which are now moving toward the sun, and along the paths of the old crusaders will return, and as sure as Waterloo is remembered, they will pour themselves like a torrent upon Protestant England. She, I know, when roused, can hurl them back, for Protestantism when roused is invincible.

It is with the machinations of the Church in our dear native land that I have to do, for it is here that the great battle between true democracy and despotism is to be fought. We stand all alone in our institutions. Kingcraft and Priestcraft are in alliance by the instinct of self preservation, — for if the dear banner we love shall continue to dance in the sky, every mitre and crown will sooner or later roll in the dust. Feeling that they cannot overcome us by arms, they seek to do

it by duplicity. Hence they send hither their well-trained priesthood, their Jesuits, (Kossuth found eight fresh from Austria, away in what they call the province of Missouri,) their Bedini — that bloody butcher of Bologna, to organize despotism here. They cannot trust the native born priesthood with the delicate interests of the Church. Their devotees are coming as the waves come, enough to make four States every year. They give their lip service to our institutions, but their hearts are away on the Tiber. Through the complicity of demagogues, and by a violation of the naturalization laws, they enter at once as a disturbing element into our politics. This religious power has been wielded as a balance so skilfully, that long since men of all parties were found in submission to it; and now it is no longer a merit in a man that he was born on these brown hills, or that his fathers bathed the battle fields of the land with their blood. No; it is a demerit rather; and it is better for him if he can show that, at some time or other, he exhibited greater servility to this power than his opponent.

It was not urged as a merit in General Scott, that when in Mexico he acted the part of a kind Christian chieftain, as he is. No! but it was a merit that he lowered the ensign of the Republic to the Catholic ceremonies; because he said that the Irishmen were the bravest, or among the bravest in the army. And was it not, on the other hand, used against him with great success, that he hung up a company of these men,

the only traitors to the American flag in Mexico. You remember how he fell suddenly in love with the "rich Irish brogue." Ah! there was his mistake. Priestcraft would not have you fall in love with the warm-hearted Irishmen; it would have you trample them down and keep them in ignorance, so that it may wield them as instruments of power. As evidence of this, see how priestcraft persecutes the young and eloquent Irishman Meagher, who tries to lift the people from the degradation into which priestcraft has thrown them. It was a mistake in General Scott to be so warm-hearted. His opponent — I am not blaming one more than the other, they were playing for the stake alike — was wiser; for if report be true, he went to the source of power; at any rate he got the vote; and now you have a Jesuit for your Postmaster General.

I say the two parties alike are at the footstool of this power. Men launch their sarcasms, even from the United States Senate, at the priesthood of other denominations, at those noble men, the clergymen of New England who signed the petition against the Nebraska Bill — but did you ever hear of anybody's launching a sarcasm against the Catholic clergymen? Is it not boasted, that no Catholic priest signed the protest against the Nebraska Bill? and where is your press that dare attack that priesthood for its devotion to slavery? Look at the Catholic press — ably conducted, with an exclusive circulation in a certain quarter, a powerful advocate for absolutism, it poi-

sons the minds of the people where it extends. But where is your Protestant press to reply to these able papers? I blame not these Catholic journals; their editors are devoted to the Church, true to its fundamental doctrines which require blind obedience to authority, declare the infallibility of the Church, and deny the right of private judgment. Where these views are realized, where this kind of despotism is established, freedom is in its deepest grave. They try to realize these doctrines. Do you love religious liberty — they declare there is no such thing. “Protestantism has no rights in the presence of Catholicity,” says the Catholic Review. “Religious liberty is only endured till the opposite can be established with safety to the Catholic world,” says Bishop O’Connor, of Pittsburg. “America will soon be Catholic, and then religious liberty will cease to exist,” says the Bishop of St. Louis. Protestantism is a *crime* in Catholic countries, and is punishable as a crime, says another; as evidence of this, see the punishment of the Madaii family in Tuscany. “I will watch,” says the Bishop of Paris, “the religious press of France, and if necessary I will use my power to repress it.” That press has found an early grave. — But that I may not wrong these people, I will go to the fountain of authority, and read a passage from a recent letter written by the Pope himself to the people of New Grenada, who had the audacity to cast off their yoke of oppression, and to adopt a constitution almost identical with our own. Here is what he says of it :



“Neither must we pass over in silence, that, by the new constitution of that republic, enacted in these recent times, among other things the right of free education is defended, and liberty of all kinds is given unto all, so that each person may even print and publish his thoughts and all kinds of monstrous portents of opinions, and profess privately and publicly whatever worship he pleases.

You assuredly see, Venerable Brothers, how horrible and sacrilegious a war is proclaimed against the Catholic Church by the rulers of the Republic of New Grenada, and what and how great injuries have been inflicted on the said Church and its sacred rights, Pastors and Ministers, and our supreme authority and that of the Holy See.”

Furthermore, in the same letter, on the subject of marriage he writes :

“Marriage cannot be given without there being at one and the same time a sacrament, and consequently any other union whatever of man and woman among Christians, made in virtue of what civil law soever, is nothing else but a shameful and miserable concubinage, so often condemned by the Church.”

Husbands and wives of New England, what say you to that? Do you wish other evidence? you can find it. You know our fathers destroyed all connection with Feudalism; they abolished the right of primogeniture, discouraged entail and long trust. Now, it is the doctrine of the Church that the property of the Church shall remain in the hands of the priesthood. That doctrine is enforced on the Catholic conscience in this Republic, and finding some, especially the German Catholics, not ready to yield to it, by their influence in

Louisiana and Pennsylvania, I believe, they have secured, against the policy of our government, decisions of the Courts placing the whole property of the Church in the hands of the priesthood — so they may wield its millions when and how they will.

Our fathers established a system of free schools that were non-sectarian. When Bishop Hughes returned from Rome, in 1841, he commenced that war upon our free schools which now rages all over the land. It is the doctrine of the Church that the State has no right to educate; it is the exclusive duty of the Church. But feeling that they had not the power to get possession of our schools entire, they sought to divide the school money; failing, they sought to put out the Bible; and, failing in this, they blotted its pages, expurgated it, along with other books which said anything about the papacy; and after they thought they were strong enough to advance to the polls with this object in view, they did so; but the people, without distinction of party, including the Protestant foreigners, beat them like a threshing floor.

In this State at the last election — I have no opinion to offer here of the new Constitution — there was an element in our State ten thousand strong it is said, and because it did not like a particular article in that Constitution which declared there should be no sectarian schools in Massachusetts, they moved in a mass secretly — and so secretly that none except a few leading politicians at the head of parties knew about it —



and that article went down with the whole Constitution. I complain not that this defeated the Constitution, but I do point out as a dangerous element, that which cares not a fig whether the Constitution be good or bad, but unless it suits its own peculiar aims will strike everything good and bad down together.

And here let me mention, in passing, that fearing that great storm, the rumblings of whose thunders are beginning to be heard, a change in their tactics within a few weeks is perceptible. In the last number of Brownson's Quarterly for this month, you will find the ablest Native American article ever written in the United States, I think. When you read it, you will see as you go on and come nearly to the end, that the writer is careful, while he comes down upon the foreigners most brutally, to save the Catholic portion of them from his blows; and that his poisoned arrows are aimed at the Protestant foreigners, and especially at the liberty-loving Germans. But more: there is a deeper purpose in it still. Fearing that the church and all may come down together before the hurricane of opinion, he would save the church,—“Oh, spare the church and do what you will with the foreigners!” he says in spirit. This is cowardly and Jesuitical. To show that this is done by combination and understanding, look in the Boston Pilot, the ablest Catholic journal in the country, and certainly having the largest circulation. You will there find that it says, in substance, that inasmuch as nearly all of the Irish Catho-

lies have now come, and as the Germans are coming about three to their one, and as these are not all Catholics, would it not be well to change our naturalization laws. Is not that cool? After having got into our house, they propose to shut the door in the faces of our other invited guests. Had we not better consider among ourselves and settle this question of what we shall do with our own?

You ask what remedy I have to propose? Simply, in the first place, kindness, not persecution. This is the asylum of the oppressed; and let it be the asylum of the oppressed. Say to these people— We will educate your children in our free schools, toil together and struggle side by side for the greatness and the glory of the Republic. Enjoy whatsoever religion you will; preach in your cathedrals when you will, or beneath the blue dome of heaven — and you shall have every drop of American blood to protect you in your religious liberty; but when you combine for despotism, we will combine for liberty! When you propose to exclude the Bibles our mothers gave us from the free schools our dear fathers established, when you find an ally in every despot, when you league with all oppression — we, without depriving you of a single right, simply propose to vote you down!

We mean to encourage and cultivate among ourselves an intense nationality. We mean, as it is the dominant element, that the Anglo-Saxon element shall bear superior sway. We mean to stand by our good

old mother tongue against the world, because it is the language of liberty all over the world. We mean, as it is our right, our constitutional right, and as it is our duty, to bear arms, so that we can, when our Republic is assailed, defend it, for it has so turned out in human affairs that a country that cannot defend its liberty, has not retained it long. We mean to act in the spirit of that patriotism which governed our fathers, when they placed in the Constitution of the United States the provision that no man, save a native born citizen of this Republic, should be President of these United States.

Fellow-Citizens, I have spoken of these disturbing elements in our politics,—Slavery and Priestcraft. They have a common purpose: they seek Cuba and Hayti and the Mexican States together, because they will be Catholic and Slave. I say they are in alliance by the necessity of their nature,—for one denies the right of a man to his body, and the other the right of a man to his soul. The one denies his right to think for himself, the other the right to act for himself. One, assuming the livery of Democracy, steals men, and sells men, and buys men it would not pay to steal,—men beneath the slave, inasmuch as he never stooped to the degradation of selling himself. The other assumes the livery of Heaven, not to traffic in the bodies of men so much as in their souls:—for so much it will absolve, for so much pass you over that hard road to travel—Purgatory. Fortunately, men are not as bad as their systems. There is something deep down

in the soul of every man, be he Catholic or Protestant, which rebels eternally against absolute authority, — and that, when you find it, is Protestantism, in whatever breast.

You ask me, will our Republic be subdued by these despotic elements? I tell you, *no! no!* I gather hope to the contrary from this roused spirit of the people, rising like the voice of many waters; there is no danger, because the people are awake. There is danger only when the people sleep and from a secret enemy. Liberty loves the storm: when the winds blow and the waves rise, then she is safe. Methinks I see, moving upon the face of the troubled waters, the spirit of Divinity as of old! Methinks I hear above the roar of the tempest its glad voice, saying, "Be of good cheer! It is I! It is I! Be not afraid!"

## THE AMERICAN IDEA.

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BY JUNIUS AMERICUS.

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THAT Catholicism, as a religious system, is inimical to civil and spiritual liberty, its history, for many centuries, incontestibly proves; and the Reformation, in the sixteenth century, was the result of the protest of the conscience of Europe against the usurpations of that mighty fabric of ecclesiastical tyranny. In different countries, the progress of the Reformation was guided by different motives. On the continent, for the most part, the people were the active friends of reform. In England, the government was the first to lend its countenance to the work. The Church of England, however, incorporating its ecclesiastical with the civil policy of the realm, departed less widely from the principles and practices of Rome, than the Church of Geneva. Retaining many of the forms which usage had sanctioned, and which, by their appeals to the senses were considered peculiarly favorable to devotion, even to this day the Established Church approaches nearer to that of Rome than the churches of Ger-

many; and it was an early complaint against the former, that it had stopped too soon in the work of divesting itself of popish corruptions: and hence the origin of Puritanism and Separatism in England. The Puritans were those who demanded a purer worship than was found in the Established Church; the Separatists went farther, and openly renounced the communion of that Church. The Separatists were the founders of the Colony at Plymouth: the Puritans were the founders of the Massachusetts Colony. The history of the persecutions waged against both these Sects, in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., is a dark spot in the annals of England. Yet we are indebted to that persecution for the settlement of this country. Had not full conformity been required, and had liberty of conscience been allowed, both the Puritans and the Separatists, would probably have remained in the land of their birth, and have labored there for the spread of their views. But as conformity was required, and as liberty was not allowed, these Sects determined to enjoy what they regarded as their inalienable right, resolved to remove from the homes of their infancy, and to take up their abode on this side the Atlantic. That Providence directed this removal, and designed it as the instrument for peopling this wilderness with a race different from the Aborigines, and working out here higher problems of spiritual interest, we, as descendants of the Pilgrims, devoutly believe: and the history of our country, we think, abundantly warrants that belief.



This brings us to notice, therefore, the *American Idea*, or the ruling motive which governed our ancestors in forsaking their native land, and settling in the New World.

Massachusetts was settled by a race of men who took the position that the word of God should be their creed and their guide. They repudiated the Church of Rome as corrupt and anti-christian; and even the Church of England was regarded as tolerating and retaining many corrupt usages. The Connecticut colonies were offshoots from Massachusetts, and were founded by men of similar principles. Rhode Island was likewise settled by men who had formerly resided in Massachusetts; as was also New Hampshire, in part. Maine, afterwards a district of Massachusetts, was a distinct colony, founded chiefly for commercial purposes, and for the profits of the fisheries conducted at the Banks. Farther south, New York was settled by the Dutch, who were Protestants; and was founded for commercial purposes: Delaware and New Jersey were settled by Swedes; and Virginia by Protestants and Englishmen, though by members of the National Church, rather than by Puritans. Maryland was the only colony avowedly settled by Catholics; the others, which formed the Confederacy of 1766, were of a later date than those which have been named, or were settled at a later period. It would not be difficult to show, that the causes which operated in the settlement of these colonies, have ever since more or less influ-



enced their destiny: and that the history of each can be best understood by considering its origin, and the motives by which the first settlers were guided. Nor would it be difficult to show, that, among all the colonies, those of New England have always exerted a marked and decided influence upon the destinies of the whole. As religion is the highest human interest, that people who avowedly make it their guide, and hold it in the greatest and most enlightened reverence, will ever stand out pre-eminently in the world, and will be attended by a prosperity proportioned to their intelligence and virtue. Such has been the case in our land; and hence, although the climate of the Northern States is far more severe than of other parts, and the soil less fertile, the march of these States has been uniformly onward, nor have they at any time, or in any emergency, fallen behind the others, or failed to do their part in carrying forward great enterprises to a successful issue.

We take the position, that the prosperity which America has thus far attained, has been chiefly through its PROTESTANT PRINCIPLES; in the stimulus which those principles give to the intellect and in the affections; and to the spirit of *freedom, improvement and humanity*, which has characterized its people. That there are some dark spots in our history, no one denies: but these spots, it is believed, are as few, if not fewer, than can be found in the history of other countries. And we also take the position, that this pros-

perity could never have been attained under Catholicism; nor would the nation have reached its present state of grandeur, had it been settled solely by Catholics.

If these positions be sacred, and if it be true, as was observed at the outset, that Catholicism, as a religious system, is inimical to civil and spiritual liberty, every true lover of his country must desire to see Protestant, rather than Catholic principles prevail; especially as we are indebted to the former for all that has given our land its present dignity and standing in the world. The two systems, — Protestantism and Catholicism, — are essentially opposite in their spirit and aims. The former asserts the right of every man to read for himself, think for himself, and judge for himself, both in religious and in civil affairs: whilst the latter denies this right, and requires obedience to the priesthood, or to the dictates of the Pope. The former admits diversity of opinions, and freedom in the enjoyment of those opinions: the latter demands that there shall be but one faith, and if men differ from that, it must be at the expense of excommunication, and oftentimes severe temporal penalties. In America, where Puritanism prevails, and where it has prevailed ever since the settlement of the country, not only is Catholicism tolerated, but Catholic churches are to be found in all our principal cities, and in many of the larger towns: whilst in Italy, where Catholicism prevails, and where it has prevailed for centuries, Protestantism is not tol-

erated, nor are Protestant churches allowed to be built, nor is public worship allowed under the forms of Protestantism. These are facts which, we presume, will not be questioned by any one. Hence, whilst Protestantism is in itself favorable to progress, and favorable to civil liberty, and to all the best interests of man, Catholicism is conservative, exclusive, and blighting in its influence upon all those interests. Compare North America, where Protestantism prevails, with South America, where Catholicism has ruled; and even under the most favorable aspects of the latter clime, how infinitely preferable is the condition of the former! Compare the Scotland of four centuries since, with the Scotland of the present day. Even England has made its greatest strides in commercial prosperity, and intellectual eminence, since the overthrow of Catholicism in the land; and in Germany, the same holds true: whilst the Catholic nations are either deteriorated, or occupy but a secondary position in the social scale. These, and many other striking facts might be noticed, showing the immense comparative advantages of Protestantism over Catholicism.

Under these circumstances, therefore, the question arises, what shall be the *future destiny* of the land we live in? — that land, hallowed in our remembrance by the toils of our forefathers, by their struggles for freedom, and by their successful cultivation of intellectual and moral worth? Shall the same principles which have hitherto guided us, continue to shed their benefi-

cent light upon our path? Shall we go on, as in the past, outgrowing the ignorance of our youth, and more than atoning for it by the intelligence of our manhood? Or shall that intelligence be checked? Shall the current be turned backward? Shall the light be withdrawn? Shall all that has been achieved be ingloriously lost, and the nation sink supinely beneath the blandishments of its deadliest foe, under the fallacious plea, that to protect ourselves against the aggressions of Rome, is to persecute and to be bigoted?

The blessings which are ours, have been secured, only by jealous watchfulness, and earnest toil. Tyranny, in whatever quarter it has reared its head, has been frowned upon and resisted. And shall the tyranny of Rome now be tolerated? Shall that church which shows no mercy to Protestants when it has them in its power, and when it knows it can safely exercise upon them its vengeance, — shall that church be permitted to go on, secretly undermining all our institutions? — inculcating doctrines at war with our best interests? — and putting in force the tremendous enginery which it knows so well how to wield, — and shall we sit still, and fold our arms, and say, Oh! the Catholics mean well! they are peaceable citizens! — *they* love liberty as well as we do! — we have nothing to fear from them! Would to God it were so! Would to God there were nothing to fear! But the history of the past few years teaches us that the struggle is but just commenced! — that it is the determination of the

Catholics, if possible, to gain the supremacy in the land; and when they do, farewell to Protestantism!—farewell to liberty!—farewell to all we have hitherto cherished!

It may be said, perhaps, the Catholics have no such aim;—they do not desire to gain the supremacy. *Then it is evident that they are not sincere in their professions.* If they *believe* their religion, they *must* desire its supremacy. To say, therefore, they do not aim to gain the ascendancy, is to say they have *no faith in their church.* Now, no one accuses the Catholics of a want of zeal for their cause. No one doubts, that, as a sect, they are more blind and headstrong in their zeal, than any other or all other sects combined.

What, then, is our duty in this crisis, as Americans and as Protestants? Is it to *persecute* the Catholics? is it to rob them of their liberty? is it to deny them their rights? By no means; nor does any one advocate such a course. Our duty is, *self-protection*;—to guard against the further encroachments and aggressions of this system, before it is too late; before the power has departed out of our hands beyond the possibility of recall; before we are bound hand and foot, and become the humble dependants of those whom we are willing to allow their own rights, but whom we are unwilling to permit to deprive us of ours.

The issue of the present time is to solve the problem, how the vast influx of foreigners into our country, made up of so large a proportion of those unfriendly to



Protestantism, and favorable only to Catholicism and its spread,—how this influx shall be so met, and so governed, as to prevent it from becoming the instrument of our destruction? Not that we wish to debar our Catholic citizens from the enjoyment of their religion, so far as the same can be done without prejudice to *our* views;—not that we would deprive them of the benefits of our schools; of the protection of our laws; or of any of the advantages which are so freely and so widely diffused throughout the land. But for their sakes, and for our own, we would so guard all these blessings, that they may not be lost to us through their mistaken and misguided zeal, or our own more criminal supineness and doltishness.

We wish, therefore, to see all who love Protestantism;—all who love America and its institutions;—all who value the blessings we now enjoy; join in a solemn league to perpetuate and continue these blessings, and to resist everything tending to deprive us of them. If Catholicism or Protestantism shall prevail, which shall it be? If Catholicism or Protestantism shall shape our destinies, which shall it be? This is the question we must all seriously consider: and bearing in mind, that the American idea is *liberty, civil and religious*: whilst the Catholic idea is submission to the church, and implicit obedience to all its behests,—an idea totally subversive of the former, and utterly antagonistical;—*we must make our choice*, for it is impossible that both systems shall prevail—one or the other must be in the ascendant.

What we ask, then, is, that every American citizen, and every lover of the blessings of civil and religious liberty, shall join hands to guard these blessings, and preserve our land from the evils which must inevitably befall it, if we relax our vigilance, or slumber at our posts, or allow those who are ever watchful, to steal upon us unawares, and rivet upon soul and body, the chains of servitude, which can only be broken by a struggle far more desperate than that by which our political independence was achieved.

The danger we apprehend, and against which we would guard, arises from the fact that Catholicism is, in every respect, essentially *an unit*. Its religious and political creed are one and the same. Church and State, under its dominion, are indissolubly united. Now, it has ever been our aim, as Protestants, to divorce Church and State, politically, and to leave each to its appropriate sphere. Hence the freedom of the people. No one form of faith rules over all others; no one sect exercises unlimited sway. There was a time, in our early annals, when Church and State were more closely united than now: and that union was made necessary, in part, by the circumstances of the people, and the relations in which they stood to Episcopacy on the one hand, and to Catholicism on the other. But as the country became settled, and as danger from these sources ceased longer to threaten, the union of Church and State became less necessary, and gradually a divorce was effected, and every sect was left to itself, to



fulfil its own mission in its own way : no one being disfranchised, or debarred from political preferments in consequence of his opinions, but all being alike eligible to office, talent being the chief qualification required for the incumbency.

With the prevalence of Catholicism, and its rapid spread for the past twenty years, a new question has arisen, or rather an old question is revived, and we are required once more, aided by our former experience, to defend our own rights, and to prevent their being lost to us by the ascendancy of Catholicism. To effect this, we counsel no violence, but recommend prudence ; we seek not to deprive any, who choose to come here, of the blessings we enjoy ; but only to prevent them from robbing us of these blessings, and at the same time impoverish their own condition.

That this is a necessary work, we firmly believe : nor can we believe otherwise, if we have faith in Protestantism, and in the efficacy of its principles to promote human prosperity. It is not to us a matter of indifference *what* religion prevails. We wish Christianity to prevail, — Christianity as *Christ* taught it, and not as taught by the *Pope*, — Christianity as revealed in the *Scriptures*, and not as bound up in *creeds*. Nor can we fall into such indifference, or relax our vigilance in guarding the trust which God has committed to us, without suffering the consequences which will inevitably ensue.

We have no desire to call in the arm of secular

power to guard our faith; nor do we intend that others shall avail themselves of that arm to perpetuate their faith. Their freedom is not *superior* to ours, not of more *consequence* than ours; nor is it to be gained at the *expense* of ours.

[Let, then, every American feel that he has a duty to perform — a duty as sacred as that which animated the patriots of the Revolution — and that is to *preserve* the liberties which their toils secured. And we can only do this *under the Constitution*; by keeping the balance of power from passing from our hands; — by watching as jealously our own interests as others are watching theirs; and then will the nation continue to advance to higher and still higher degrees of improvement; our blessings will be multiplied; our liberties will be increased; and every thing that renders human existence tolerable and desirable will be abundantly enjoyed, not only by one class, but by *all*; and not only by *Protestants*, but also by *Catholics*.]

# THE HERETIC WIFE.

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A TALE OF OUR OWN TIMES.

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BY T. R. W.

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“Forgive them, Father, they know not what they do.”

It was a magnificent scene, a scene of joy, and gaiety and hope, where Mary Lee stood, a happy and trusting bride, by the side of him who had gathered her whole heart's affections, and sworn earnestly, by the stern promptings of a pure nature, to love, cherish and protect her, his only beloved, through all the vicissitudes of good or of evil which might linger about the pathway of her life;—side by side stood they, the youthful, loving pair, amid the glare of fretted chandeliers, in the wealthy mansion of Mary's father. Around them were gathered a few friends, and before them stood, stately and sullen, a Priest of the Romish Church. Mary Lee was a protestant, and already had the marriage ceremony been performed by a minister of her own church, on the morning of the day on which we

are writing, but as her betrothed was a believer of the Catholic faith, the ceremony was about to be repeated at his request, under the sanction of his own peculiar religion. In a hurried manner the officiating priest performed the marriage ritual, which was no sooner done than he turned abruptly to depart. The voice of the bridegroom arrested his steps —

“Holy Father,” murmured the young husband, “your blessing upon us,” and as he spoke his head was bowed in reverence.

The priest turned towards him and with uplifted hands pronounced the words, “*Bratus ; vita brata*, my son.”

“Nay, Father, bless us both — give her your blessing also.”

This entreaty was answered only with a dark frown as the priest, turning from them, glided hastily from the apartment and left the house.

That scowl, and the refusal of the blessing upon his wife, fell with the weight of lead upon the heart of the bridegroom. His head was now bowed in despondency, and his features, late so radiant with joy, became instantly pallid and sorrowful. But however serious the incident appeared to him, it had no effect upon the bride, who was but too glad to be relieved of the presence of that sour visaged official. She regarded this ceremony as a matter of mere form, introduced to please her husband, and whether the priest in the supremacy of his will, saw fit to pronounce “*benedicite*” over her little head, or leave it unblest was a matter

of no consequence to her. She knew that she had the heartfelt blessing of her husband, her father and her friends, and with a conscience void of offence toward her Maker, she did not pause to weigh the importance of an additional benison from a sombre old fellow whom she had never seen before, and whom she was not at all desirous ever to meet with again. So when she witnessed his refusal of her husband's request, and the marked slight which that refusal cast upon her, though she felt the *insult*, and returned haughtily the parting glance of the priest, the suffused indignant flush that for a moment crimsoned her brow, subsided, even as the author of it passed away from her sight.

Not so with her husband, — Henry Stratton had been reared from his cradle in a strict observance of the tenets of the Romish Church, and in his mind the hostility of the clergy was almost equivalent with Divine displeasure. A cloud of gloom, still hung over his spirits, which even the sallies of his beautiful bride could not wholly dissipate. By degrees, however, his face grew brighter, and as the gaieties of the evening went on he mingled with them, and to all outward appearances, the incident had passed from his mind.

A month had passed away as our young couple sat, on a bright evening, in the clear moonlight which poured in liquid glory through the lattice of Mary's own *boudoir*. They sat alone and in silence, and the soul of the young wife, as she rested her head confidently upon the bosom of her husband, was filled only with

visions of a happy future, that seemed to have opened its casket of treasures for her alone. In her reverie of joy she was startled by an involuntary and deep sigh that burst unbidden from the bosom on which she reclined.

“Why, Harry,” she exclaimed, rising from her position, and looking her husband full in the face, “what volcano of grief is this?”

Her husband in silence laid his hand upon his brow. Then, in tones more serious she inquired, “Are you ill, love? Are you unhappy?”

“Mary, dear Mary,” he replied, “*he denied you his blessing.*”

The happy wife had forgotten the incident which still, as it appeared, rankled in the mind of her husband; — but thus reminded she saluted the recollection with a merry laugh.

“Mary, what mean you?” exclaimed he with a sudden start.

“Why, I mean to say that you seem prodigiously worried over a matter of very little importance,” replied the wife in a gay tone.

“Mary, you are irreverent!” exclaimed the husband petulently.

“No, Harry, no, not irreverent,” and she placed her delicate arm upon his shoulder as she spoke, “but surely, you think too seriously of that wilful old priest. I regard neither his love nor his hate. What is he to us, and what peculiar power has he to bless or to curse?”

“Much, Mary, much. I tell you we were better *dead* than to live with his curse resting upon us.”



“How infatuated you are, dear Harry, — the priest is but a man. God alone has power to sway our destiny,— God alone can make us happy or miserable. To him, and only to him, *I* kneel, to him and to him only, I pray that *our* hearts may be as one forever, and that discord may never come to us.” A tear rose from her swelling soul and glistened in her eye as she spoke, and the last words were mingled almost inaudibly in the murmur of a kiss.

“Dear Mary, let us think no more of this,” said the husband, as he drew her yielding form more closely to him.

“Oh, Harry, if it had been *you* that refused to bless me, I should be wretched indeed.”

Alas! there was a gulf between the husband and wife which neither as yet realized. Warm and sincere in their connubial attachment, the sweetest claims of nature found an earnest response in their souls, and although standing over a mine of discord that might explode in a moment, they lived in each others love alone.

Soon after the recurrences related above, three persons were assembled in an obscure room in what appeared to be a private dwelling of the lower class, in the vicinity of the Cathedral in New York. One of them was Father Malone, the priest who had officiated at the marriage of Mary Lee; another was his associate, Father —, and the third was a young Jesuit, who at this time went by the name of Nicholas. His

personage was plainly but decently dressed, and but for the quick eye, and intellectual countenance which he bore, might have been mistaken for one of the middle class of Irish emigrants. A small lamp was burning upon the table near which they sat, from which just sufficient light was emitted to produce a gloomy twilight. The whole aspect of the apartment was sombre and bare in the extreme. A coarse table and three or four wooden chairs, comprised the furniture, with the addition of a cobweb in one corner, which indicated that the room was used as a sleeping apartment. Upon the table was a small crucifix, a few books and writing materials. Father Malone was the first to speak. Addressing himself to his associate priest, he inquired —

“Has that young fool, Stratton, been ordered here to-night?”

“Yes; he is to be here at 10 o'clock precisely. The old woman below understands it — she'll give us notice when he arrives.”

“We have half an hour yet to ourselves, then,” said the Jesuit with a familiar air, and looking at his watch. “Pray tell me now, most holy Fathers, for what are we assembled, and why have you summoned me in this shabby-genteel uniform?”

“We have assembled in the cause of our holy religion, Master Nicholas,” replied the priest with a significant smile, “and you are summoned to assist us with your counsel, and if necessary, to aid us with your labors.”

“In that cause I am bound,” replied the Jesuit, with a laugh. “What’s to be done?”

“You are aware that of my flock, the thriving young merchant, Henry Stratton, has made a fool of himself and jeopardized his soul by marriage with a beautiful heretic?”

The Jesuit bowed an affirmative.

“Very well; do you not know the effect of these infernal cross-marriages?”

“Yes, your reverence; sometimes they turn out very profitable and sometimes they are bad speculations. I know that.”

“Which means that we are to make a convert or lose a subject,” added the priest inquiringly.

“Precisely so.”

“Then you are to understand, that in this case we are likely to lose the subject,—one, too, that we cannot well afford to part with. Stratton is a rising man and will become rich. He is even now a liberal contributor to our coffers, and his largesses will necessarily increase with his growing wealth. We must keep him among the faithful.”

“What reason have you to fear his apostacy?”

“Reason!” exclaimed the priest, “reason enough. The fellow is a mellow-hearted, simple youth, who follows our commands because he believes in our faith.”

“Well, what then?”

“What then! He loves his wife.”

“That’s natural,—especially if she is pretty and

yielding. The man who would not love his wife under such circumstances, is a fool, heretic or no heretic," responded the Jesuit with a laugh.

"She is not merely *pretty*," continued the priest; "she is *beautiful*. A glance at her voluptuous person would almost shake the vow of one of our own holy order;"—

A low chuckling laugh from the Jesuit, here interrupted the speaker. But the intrusion was instantly rebuked with a mock frown from both his companions.

"Oh, *holy father!*" exclaimed the Jesuit, ironically, "I pray you go on. I said nothing; but you must pardon me for disbelieving so disparaging confession."

"Perhaps, brother, your own sanctity may be put to the test in this very case," said Father Malone.

"I assure your reverence I shall not shrink from the trial," responded the Jesuit, in a pleasant tone; "but pray, go on."

"As I said, then, this woman is beautiful, and the man simple-hearted and disgustingly loving. But that's not the worst."

"Indeed!"

"Aye, *indeed*. She is his superior every way;—intellectual, independent, a confirmed heretic and as proud as lucifer."

"Whew," whistled the Jesuit.

"Can you read the result in this description?" continued the priest.

“As plain as a pike-staff, your reverence. If this booby is left to himself, he is a lost sheep, certainly.”

“Exactly so. You must help us to save him.”

“Agreed.”

“And to bring *her* into the fold also.”

“With all my heart; but how is it to be done? You have a plan; what is it?”

“Simply this. You are a good book-keeper?”

“None better.”

“Stratton wants the services of such a man, to act also as confidential clerk, and reside in the family.”

“I lack employment, and *such* a place would suit my taste to a fraction,” said the Jesuit.

“And when there, we leave the rest to your own keen wit. That woman must be brought on her knees before the confessional or else forever separated from her husband. Enough: enter yonder closet, and remain till we call.”

The Jesuit obeyed; and these arrangements were but just completed when a footstep was heard on the stairs, and a low tap at the door announced a visitor.

“Is that you, Mag?”

“Yes, your reverence.”

“Come in, then.”

At this summons an old crone, bent double with age and liquor, slipped quietly into the room, and with a humble but awkward obedience, announced that the expected victim had arrived.

“Tell him to come up,” said the priest.

“Yes, your reverence,” replied the woman, as with another *salaam* she glided from the apartment.

Father Malone lifted a pen from the table and assumed the attitude of writing on a half-finished sheet that lay before him, while his companion, seizing a book, pretended to be deeply engrossed in reading. A first, a second, and a third summons, each louder than the former, was made by the knuckles of the old crone on the outside of the door, before any response was made from within. At the last knock, the elder priest inquired in a low tone,

“Who is there?”

“It’s only me, your reverence, with the gentleman.”

“Come in, then.”

The door opened, and Henry Stratton, with an air of timidity, entered the apartment. The door was closed again, and as neither of the occupants appeared to notice his entrance, the visitor stood waiting their commands. Father Malone at length raised his eyes, apparently from a deeply absolving study, until they met those of the young merchant.

“Ah, my son,” said he, “may the Virgin bless you. I had forgotten that you was coming. Sit down,” he added, pointing to the vacant chair, “you see we poor priests do not live sumptuously.”

The young man crossed himself devoutly before the crucifix and obeyed in silence. The priest returned to his manuscript and wrote again for a few moments as if to finish a sentence, then laying his pen gently upon the table, again addressed his visitor.



“You are a happy man, my son,” he said, with an approving smile.

“But one thing is wanting, holy father, to make me completely so,” replied the merchant.

“Hey dey! my son, what is that? I deemed you possessed of all things that go to fill the measure of earthly joy — youth, health, brilliant prospects, and a wife at once lovely and loving. What more on earth can you require?”

“Your blessing on that wife, father, is all that I covet.”

“A heretic!” exclaimed the priest with warmth. “A heretic! You should know better. The blessings of our holy church are reserved for the faithful. We squander them not on the infidel.”

“But for *my* sake, Father.”

“When you have brought her to the confessional and the fount of sacred waters, the benedictions of holy men shall be showered upon you both; therefore look to it. Think of the added lustre of so lovely a convert to the cause of the blessed Virgin and the saintly calender, to which, doubtless, through her transcendent virtues, she would be shortly added. And then the renown and ghostly influence gained to yourself! Is it not worth an effort? It is for this, that his Holiness permits these heretical marriages. The church cannot bless them, — she stands by, a sorrowful witness, for she knows that unless a conversion takes place, the result will be, at least, great temporal evil,

and perhaps the damnation of the parties concerned. Look to it son, look to it."

"Why, Father, it shall be my study to do as you desire," replied the husband.

"Good, very good," said the priest. "It was for this I sent for you. Go, now, and *remember*. Your own happiness, and the salvation of the soul most dear to you, depends on your success."

The young man arose, and crossing himself again, was about to depart, when the wily priest, feigning to have forgotten something of importance, arrested his progress.

"Stay," said he, "now I remember, you are in want of a trusty assistant in your prosperous business. Is it not so?" and without waiting for a reply, he added — "I think I have just the man for you — one of our holy faith — a poor but worthy man, of great genius, as an accountant, and recently from the old country. He lodges in our poor dwelling here; and being a stranger and unemployed, you may secure him for a trifle. I'll send for him. Brother," he added, addressing his companion, who still appeared intent on reading, yet who had treasured every word that had been uttered, "pray oblige us by introducing that young stranger. I forgot his name — he who lodges in the adjoining room."

The request was complied with, and in a moment the cunning young Jesuit, assuming a most humble demeanor, was presented to the merchant. A few words

sufficed to bring about an appointment for an interview between them at the store of the merchant on the following day, and the visitor departed, but not without thanking the priest for the deep and sincere interest he had manifested in his welfare.

This diabolical plot against the happiness of an affectionate and unsuspecting pair, seemed now in the course of full fruition, and the trio of conspirators who concocted it could scarce repress a laugh of exultation until the one victim who had just left them had departed from the building. A train of dark villanies, in which the unsuspecting husband was to be made to play a part against his own peace, was here laid — the web was woven, and the poor victim fairly in its meshes.

“The silk-brained fool!” exclaimed the priest, in the midst of a choking laugh. “Ah, you’ll have a glorious place, Master Nicholas, ha, ha, ha. Beware; she is a tempting wretch,—and you young fellows are,—but come, let us quit this filthy den and seek refreshment for our fainting bodies. Ha, ha, it works well.” At this signal the conclave arose, and smoothing away all traces of merriment, glided silently into the street.

That night, Harry Stratton approached his home with a heavy film about his heart. He felt and believed that the conversion of his wife to the faith that absorbed his whole moral man, would be an act not only meritorious on his part, but the means of eternal salvation to her he adored. Yet he dreaded an ap-

proach against the fortress of her fixed opinions, and for the first time trembled as he entered his own dwelling. The tender embrace of his wife was but coldly returned. Sad and perplexed he flung himself into a chair. His thoughts were fighting against the natural promptings of his generous nature, and while his heart yearned with the ardor of true affection towards his companion, the terrible gulf had been made to yawn between them,—on one side he saw the stern, grim visage of the Church of Rome, on the other his heretic wife, the confiding partner of his bosom.

“Mary,” he said at last, in a voice tremulous but tender, “I have seen Father Malone again to-night.”

“Now, Henry,” replied the light-hearted wife, “if you don’t talk less about Father Malone, I shall think he has more of your love than I.”

“That’s impossible, Mary.”

“Well, what says Father Malone? Have you been entreating him again for that omnipotent blessing, the want of which has made you almost as sombre as the priest himself, and well nigh turned our honeymoon into a marital green cheese? Tell me what has been passing between you. You are as grave as a funeral to-night.”

“It is a grave subject, dear Mary, and undeserving the levity with which you treat it.”

“Then I beg of you say no more about it. I hate gravity, even in a parson; and what is more, I do not believe it necessary to the character of the true Chris-

tian. We can't agree on this subject, my dear husband, so let's change it."

"But you wish to know what the holy father says?"

"I am quite indifferent. It concerns not me."

"It concerns you nearly; his conversation was wholly of you."

"Nothing to my credit, I'll warrant. But I am getting curious. What said he?"

"He desires that you may *become* a *Christian*."

"*Dare* he intimate that I am *not* a Christian, and do you, my husband, reiterate the slander to my face?" exclaimed the lady, in a tone of insulted pride.

"Our religion, Mary, tells us there is but one Church."

"*My* religion tells me there is but one God, and my reverence is due to him alone. His sanctuary is in the *hearts* of the true believers, or if not there, it is nowhere. All forms, all ceremonies are vain, if the heart is cold," replied the wife.

"True, but all hearts are measurably sinful, and it is only by absolution that they can be purified. The priest alone, who is ordained of God, can absolve our sins."

"Neither the priest, nor the bishop, nor the Pope himself, can absolve us of our sins," returned the wife. "That is the prerogative of God alone; and he who assumes that power is a blasphemer, a —"

"Silence, Mary," interrupted the husband. "I command you to silence!"

“Command!” exclaimed the insulted lady, starting from her seat, as the indignant flush rose to her very brow — then almost as suddenly she became ashy pale — and throwing herself upon the neck of her husband, she murmured, as the tears gushed from her eyes, “Oh, Henry, for heaven’s sake, for our own sake, let us speak no more of this.” She could utter no more. The form that Henry Stratton clasped in his arms was insensible!

The torch of discord was already lighted, which was to consume with piercing flames the beautiful fabric of domestic happiness that had been reared by the hand of Love. The canker-worm had already tasted the heart of the flower, and with corroding tooth, wrought steadily in its destructive labors. On the following day the Jesuit Nicholas became an inmate of the family.

We will not enter upon a recital of the train of villainies practiced against the happiness of Henry Stratton and his “heretic” wife. The insidious approaches of the Jesuit, first winning the confidence of the wife by his humility and politeness, and securing her admiration by his talents and conversational powers. We need not relate how, by degrees, he ventured to take part in the theological discourse, always sustaining the argument of the husband, and with the polish of rhetoric glossing over the weak points of his employer; and finally, when it became apparent that the impenetrable walls of her religious belief could not be shaken,



the crushing assaults were then levelled against her character as a virtuous and faithful wife. In vain did she appeal to her husband for protection from the daily insults to which she was exposed—he either disbelieved her, or feared to vindicate his own honor by thrusting its assailant from his door.

To review, step by step and in detail, the insidious plans of persuasion and coercion; of threats, insults and contumely employed by these foul conspirators to win their victim first from her religion, and failing in that, to seduce her from her fidelity as a wife, would occupy a volume. The brief limit allotted to us in this article, confines us now to the sequel.

A year had drawn its slow length tediously by, since the marriage of Mary Lee. She had become a mother, and with her babe, that tender object of affection in her arms, she sought, in the privacy of her own apartment, that safety and quiet which in society was denied to her. At this period we will once more introduce the reader to the papal trio. The two priests and the Jesuit book-keeper are together, but under circumstances differing from those in which we first met them. On the present occasion the apartment is larger and well furnished, and on the table, around which they are seated, is a singular medley comprising a crucifix, bottles, glasses, a segar-box, writing utensils, and a dish of ice. The parties are evidently enjoying an hour of relaxation, and the ruby visage of Father Malone shows plainly the deep libations in which he had indulged.

“You make slow work,” said he, addressing the Jesuit — “you make slow work in that affair of the Strattons. How is it?”

“Slow work!” replied the Jesuit. “I tell you, the devil himself could not move that woman.”

“For that very reason we sent an *Adonis* in your captivating person,” responded the priest with a laugh. “I knew she was as proud as an empress; and as nothing softens a pretty woman so readily as a fine-limbed, conversational fellow, I chose you, above all others, as best adapted to the work; but with all our help you have neither converted her nor —”

“Nor persuaded her to betray her husband,” interposed the Jesuit, as the other hesitated. “That’s what you was about to say, so out with it, reverend Father, we need no equivocation here, I think.”

“Shape it in your own way, brother,” responded the priest.”

“But I *cannot* shape it in my own way,” said the Jesuit. “When you can draw fire from the moon, or convert the ice now floating in your goblet into diamonds, then you may hope to make a Catholic of that woman or corrupt her virtue. Her husband, under my stratagems, has tormented her enough to alienate the respect and affection of any woman of flesh and blood; but she, I tell you, she is granite — adamant! The case is a hopeless one.”

“It is plain there is but one alternative left,” said the priest, who had thus far been a listener. “I have

seen enough of her to know that neither fair means nor foul — no, not even the rack itself, can move that heretic. She has borne all but *that* already. We must either give her up and her husband with her, or adopt the alternate — *divorce*.”

Father Malone raised his drowsy eyes, which suddenly flickered with a sort of hectic animation at the suggestion of his associate. But he said nothing. The Jesuit cast an inquiring glance at both his companions.

“It’s easily accomplished,” continued the proposer. “Proof of her infidelity can be given by our friend Nicholas; and every circumstance will favor the plea. His fine figure and captivating manner; his long residence in the family, and especially the repeated little interruptions to the current of domestic harmony which are known to have occurred between herself and her husband, all conspire to give color to the accusation.”

A long, low whistle, announced the effect which this proposition had made on the Jesuit, who did not quite relish the idea. Father Malone smiled and moved his head up and down two or three times approvingly; and as soon as the last cadence of the Jesuit’s whistle had died away, he inquired —

“Pray, holy Father, who is to make the accusation?”

“Her husband,” answered the priest.”

Insatiate plotters, you have struck the chord at last! The die is thrown! Can nothing soften your hatred? Are the heart-rending pleadings of oppressed, crushed virtue, unheard? Is it nothing to strike to death the

cherished hopes of the golden promises of a happy family, and consign to a life of misery those whom nature and the God of nature have ordained for an inheritance of earthly joy? Does your *religion* demand that she, the innocent, the virtuous and the young, must kneel at your shrine or be doomed to unmerited infamy and a life of sorrow and disgrace? Even so, alas!

“—No compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake *your* fell purpose.”

She must suffer to appease your *holy* revenge.

Mary Stratton was accused of infidelity, but not until the plots and intrigues of her enemies had been so well laid as, by circumstantial evidence, to preclude a doubt of her guilt. A decree of divorce was obtained upon the testimony of the Jesuit book-keeper, who did not scruple to commit the act of perjury for the accomplishment of the behest of “the Church.” And the innocent wife, cast off by her husband, disowned by her father, and separated from her infant, fled, broken-hearted and covered with infamy, to the open arms of a widowed aunt. One generous heart still clung to her, one confiding friend yet believed her innocent—and in *her* bosom, hiding her face from the treacherous and unfeeling world without, Mary Stratton poured forth the torrent of her despair. Not long, not long was the struggle. The gentle vine, shaken from its shelter by the rude blast, and all its tendrils lacerated

and torn, soon faded. The crushed heart could not long outlive its blighted honor, and so — *it died*.

It was on a soft spring morning — an unusual hour — that the solemn tones of the funeral bell at Greenwood were heard moaning through the sylvan recesses of that lonely cemetery. The atmosphere was hazy, and the emerald carpeting of the undulating grounds shone with a dark, rich lustre. The young leaves of the weeping cypress, foremost of the spring, whose drooping branches hung like a still and sorrowful drapery amid the yet leafless oaks, afforded an eloquent contrast and told the story of a new-born summer. How apt the scene! Death in the morning of life! — Death in the morning of sweet summer! In yonder coffin lies a young heart, broken by despair, pulseless, silent and cold. A funeral *cortege* moves with slow and solemn pace through the rustie porch of the calm city of the dead.

A sombre hearse in weeds of mourning, bears the undefiled tenement of a spirit that hath taken refuge from earthly persecution in the citadel of eternal life. A single carriage follows the hearse. There is a man, past the meridian life; around his temples the hoar of coming old age is sprinkled, yet he sits firm and upright, following his daughter to the grave. Beside him sits a woman clad in the dark habiliments of woe, and bowed down with grief. It is his sister. With them, the pious minister of God. No other mourners follow! On, through the winding pathway, amid tombs

and mausoleums, moved the brief possession until it reached the spot where the yawning earth had opened to receive its own. Here it paused. Within a neat enclosure, upon the iron gate of which appeared the name of "Lee," a grave was made for the new comer. Two mounds, overgrown with vines and flowers planted by *her* hands, and flanked with ornate tablets, told of a mother and a brother gone before. Beside them the open place was made for MARY. Although disowned in life, the father's heart too late relenting, received his child in death and placed her by her mother.

It seemed too short,—that touching address to the throne of grace, where the good man consigned

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes;"

for it was full of charity, and love, and earnest supplication. Even the laborers, who stood by with spade in hand, inured by custom to scenes like this, wept as they listened. A brief prayer followed—then the box was lowered, and the earth closed up over all that remained of the broken-hearted—the HERETIC WIFE.



# RELATION OF AMERICAN WOMEN TO PATRIOTISM.

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BY MRS. MARY ANN WHITAKER.

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THE influence of woman, though commonly recognized as one of the most important elements of social life, is yet but imperfectly comprehended by many, whose characters bear the ineffaceable impress of her power. But there are great spirits, unfolding themselves into the sublime proportions of a true humanity, strengthened by her self-devotion, and inspired to noble effort by the eloquent appeals of her heroic example, who testify to mankind how much the destinies of individuals, and even of nations, are guided and governed by those deep, silent movements which are too often disregarded amidst the tumult and confusion of the world. To woman then, we look for sympathy in every new struggle for freedom, — with every onward step in the path of progress, and hope for success according to the earnestness of her co-operation.

In the various discussions and opinions on “Woman’s Rights,” “Woman’s Sphere,” and other topics of the

same class which are so prominent in our day, the thoughtful mind will find much to awaken reflection, on a subject where truth, simple and unvarnished, should be the sole object of our search. We do not want shadowy speculations, easily grasped by adopting the opinions of a party, or a particular individual, without exercising that severe and unprejudiced scrutiny, which alone can make conviction sure by the living action of experience; but we do need awakening to the fact that the fountains of woman's spiritual nature, are too often frozen to lifeless inactivity by the conventional customs and arbitrary laws of society. Nature has been driven from her sanctuary, to make room for the idol Fashion, and thousands blindly sacrifice themselves, willing victims to her imperious and tyrannical demands, till every sentiment of natural freedom is crushed beneath the iron will of the despot, and the glory of their womanhood departs to return no more.

And this with our boasted republican institutions, where simplicity of character, and individual liberty should be preserved with religious care, towards which many a brave heart in the mother country yearns with ardent desire; believing in the sincerity of our professions, and the faithfulness of our devotion! This mean subservience encouraged in a nation whose existence is based upon the ruins of aristocratic oppression! Surely slavery exists in unsuspected forms; let us take heed to our condition ere we venture to pronounce ourselves free.

A stranger, joining a hasty acquaintance with the manners and customs of our people would look in vain for that strong, earnest originality of character by which the genuine American ought to be distinguished. Foreign fashions, foreign luxuries, foreign vices abound; after all but miserable caricatures of the originals; unsuccessful attempts at imitation and display, which meet with the ridicule they deserve, and will, we fervently hope, be banished by a revolution in public opinion, hostile to all aggressions upon the purity and integrity of the republican heart.

[The holy fire of patriotism must be kept burning upon the domestic altar, or it will die out, while selfish hands kindle a counterfeit flame, whose false glare will dazzle the eyes of the beholder, luring him on, till he brings his choicest treasures an offering to Mammon—still deeming himself a worshipper of Liberty.]

In the name of freedom, — in the name of religion, — by the love she bears to her country and her God, let every woman in this favored land look well to her solemn duties and responsibilities. Members of a vast community, in which the brotherhood of humanity is professedly recognized; where those earth-born distinctions which have darkened the old world with ignorance and crime, are said to be excluded — where all men are called free, and are supposed to enjoy equal opportunities of development and culture; the women of America cannot be blind to the truth, that in private as well as in public life there is a sad, a terrible contra-

diction to those great principles which are so eloquently advocated in the Church, in the Senate, on the reform platform, and in the less imposing, but equally impressive teachings of the School room and home.

It is to those great principles which underlie the American Government, developed in earnest, spiritual life that hope points with prophetic finger as to a sure means of redemption for our country. Far from the excitements of fashionable dissipation, apart from the discordant elements which incapacitate the mind for a calm survey of the world's movements, are beautiful home-temples where the spirit of Christianity dwells in its native simplicity and purity. These are the nurseries of freedom, — the stronghold of Republican institutions; and it is to them we must look for the firm, undecaying materials of which alone the glory of this Republic will be built up, if it is to be a reality rather than a name. There, the mother, honored, revered and trusted, can implant the noblest lessons of patriotic virtue, — there the aspiring soul of youth may rise to lofty duty, and his heart be filled with a diviner love than earth can bestow. Oh! it is in the quietude of holy thought, beneath the light of youth's starry heaven of hope and joy, that those vast ideas are born, which in Time's onward course grow into material existence to bless and elevate mankind.

If we would have MEN to represent our institutions, strong, virtuous, earnest, religious MEN, whom no bribe can tempt, no misfortune dwarf to insignificance, we

must look to woman for their formation. When true to her sacred mission, her power can purify the social atmosphere, tainted as it is by dissimulation, cowardice, and selfish ambition ; her all-commanding-presence will restrain the vicious worldling, and convince the cold unbeliever in human virtue what man shall be, when she has courage to assert the dignity of her position. Yes, the homes of America are the birth-places of her national greatness, and woman as its guardian angel, will arise at the call of duty.

In the morning of life, when fresh buds of thought and affection are day by day unfolding themselves, the sun of woman's love must warm them into maturity of beauty. When the full heart of childhood gushes with an overflow of feeling too strong for its tender spirit to control, the true mother well knows it needs, and receives the precious offering into the ever enlarging fountain of her own sweet sympathies ; — if the young eye flashes with a divine thought, her eye beams a divine answer. Does the voice of her beloved one discourse in simple eloquence of the soul's inward longings, so often reproved as foolish fancies, such a mother, understanding that childhood's questionings and experiences, are proofs of the most solemn realities of our being, will herself become even as a little child, and thus will they seek together those truths the Infinite One alone can reveal. And as years roll on, the love of the true, the good, and the beautiful which at first was confined to one only object, will

expand into an all-embracing benevolence, till nature and humanity are too limited to contain its aspirings, and it can only rest satisfied on the bosom of its God.

Amidst such influences, and no other, can patriotism and freedom dwell in safety. Outward organizations have their uses, and must be maintained with sincerity of purpose, but organizations will effect little unless each individual member carry with him that pure enthusiasm, that devotion to the right which proceeds from earnest, truth-seeking, and faithful personal experience.

If, then, we would secure the happiness and prosperity of our country, it must be by a union of interests; by sanctifying the home, and through that mighty influence infusing the domestic sympathies into public life, so that we may exist as a great national family, all working in their separate spheres for the general good, unfettered by selfish aims, and striving to become in deed and in truth, gloriously free.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we would advocate an illiberal and exclusive nationality; we only condemn the adoption of such a standard of morals and manners as would destroy those energies, and simple, unostentatious habits, which should be the glory of our Republic. While rejecting all that is false and artificial, let us gladly welcome every new incentive to virtue and progress, though springing from a foreign soil, let it take root and prosper, for whatever is noble and beautiful is worthy of imitation, and if from the



rich sources of mental and moral excellence which abound in the old world, we are permitted to take and dispense liberally, let us be grateful for the privilege, ever remembering that there are spiritual bonds which unite man to man, and nation to nation, in one universal brotherhood, which no rude, narrow prejudices should ever tempt us to weaken or tear asunder.

Thou, by whose inspiration  
Brave thoughts and deeds have birth—  
Whose piercing eye illumines  
The darkness of our earth!  
Breathe on each kindling spirit,  
Pour down thy holy light,  
So shall the flame of Freedom  
Still burn, divinely bright.





George Washington

## THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.

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BY ERASTUS POULSON, ESQ.

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THE grave is a subject that has occupied the thoughts of mankind from a very early period in the history of the world. As soon as Adam had violated the command given him, and eaten of the forbidden fruit, so soon did the fiat of *Jehovah* go forth, that death should be the consequence; and when death was decreed as the penalty for sin and transgression, man, being a reasoning creature, turned his thoughts to inquire as to the place of his abode after having lived out the term allotted to him on the earth.

The first mention made of the *Grave*, in Holy Writ, is that "Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, and Jacob set a pillar upon her *grave*; that is the pillar of Rachel's *grave* unto this day." And again, when the brethren of Joseph conspired against him, and sold him into Egypt, and took his coat dipped in the blood of an animal which they killed for that purpose, and brought it to his father, in order to convince him that an evil beast had devoured

Joseph, Jacob was distressed, and refusing to be comforted for the loss of his son, "rent his clothes and said, I will go down into the grave unto my son, mourning." From that period to the present time, in all countries, and by all people, there has been a sacredness, respect and veneration connected with the last resting-place of man, that has almost, in some instances, amounted to fanaticism.

It is said of Jacob, that before he left the land of Canaan to go down into Egypt, that he digged his *grave*, and when about dying, he made his sons swear that they would take him down into the land of Canaan and bury him there; and his son Joseph kept the promise made to his father, for it is said, "When Jacob died, Joseph obtained the consent of Pharaoh, took his father and went up to the land of Canaan, and all the elders and servants of Pharaoh's house went with him, and there they buried him in the grave which he had digged before leaving Canaan;" and when the inhabitants of the land saw the mourning of the people — saw the scrow depicted on their countenances and heard their lamentations — saw the care manifested to mark and preserve from molestation the sacred spot where was deposited, the last remains of him whose memory was so dear, they came to the conclusion that this was a grievous mourning to the Egyptians, and gave the name of the place "Abel-Mizriam," i. e., *the mourning of the Egyptians*.

The grave is a holy spot, round which the sorrowful

survivors gather as at a shrine, where, in the transfer of their thoughts and affections to the mortal remains of him who rests there, they may recall more faithfully the memory of the loved and the lost. When nature, throughout her wide domain, proclaims the tidings of decay and dissolution, the mortal part of man is lain in the grave to slumber with the unconscious dead, — and who can tell how much of a loving heart's treasure a single grave may enclose. How often, as we have looked upon the grave in some quiet spot, have we imagined that fairy hands had indeed tended the sod — the turf so richly green, the flowers so freshly bright. No noxious weed or rank herbage was allowed to grow there. To prevent the intrusion of careless footsteps, and preserve it from the harsher influences of the seasons, had been the peculiar care of some loved survivor; — it was “Holy Ground.”

“Speak of the dead! let their names be heard —  
There is mournful magic in every word;  
A holy charm that thrills the heart,  
Though the sigh will come, and the tear will start.  
Ye may bear your dead to their lonely rest,  
Rear massive marble upon each breast,  
Yet, how coldly the sculptured stone will tell,  
Of the friends ye have known and loved so well!”

With what feelings of delight does the traveller visit the birth-place of men, renowned in the history of the world. The chamber where the light first dawned upon a Newton, a Napoleon, a Washington — the room



where their playful sports were witnessed by a fond mother, and where the first budding of a superior intellect was first noticed and encouraged by a doting father, is visited, gazed upon, and almost adored.

The house of Uriah, the palace of David, the mosque of Solomon, are objects of intense interest. The ground on which they stand, is sacred — each house has its legend, each stone is hallowed. And if these spots, once the earthly abodes of the living, are thus sought for and visited with so much gratification and delight, how much more respected, more honored, more sacred, should be the final resting-place — that home, in which “the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.”

If the birth-place of Zachariah and Absalom were held in everlasting remembrance by the Hebrews, how much more are their tombs entitled to affectionate regard.

The vale of Jehoshaphat, which was ever the favorite burial-place of the Hebrews, is filled with grave-stones to mark the spot of those fortunate enough to obtain a burial-place there; and, to this day, may be seen the pious Jew wending his way to the grave of his fathers, and calling upon the spirit which he imagines still lingers around the honored dead, to remember him in his forlorn and forsaken condition. Of the many interesting spots associated with the life of the Saviour, when upon the earth, all sink into insignificance when compared with the place of his burial. The manger in

which he was born ; the house of Mary and Martha which he so often visited ; the Temple, in which he taught the people the sublime truths of the Gospel ; the sea of Galilee, along whose banks he so often wandered and conversed with his disciples ; the rock, from which he predicted the destruction of the Temple ; the brow of the hill, from which “ *Our Father who art in heaven* ” was taught ; the Garden of Gethsemane, where, from the intensity of his agony, his “ sweat became, as it were, great drops of blood,”—these are all interesting places, a visit to which is calculated to call forth the sympathies of the heart ; but when one approaches the *Holy Sepulchre*, feelings of love and reverence indescribable, fill the soul of the believer. The place, the scene at once sanctifies the imagination, and one is elevated almost into another state of existence, and is ready to exclaim, “ Behold the place where the Lord lay,—behold the sepulchre of him who died for thy sins ! ”

*We* are but sojourners on the earth, for

“ The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,  
Mankind *their* last resting-place — the grave ! ”

The stream of time, which sweeps everything human to oblivion, passes by and leaves untouched the fame of *Washington*. Almost all those who were cotemporary with him have, by the lapse of time, been swept away, so that it is of rare occurrence that you meet and converse with one whose personal recollections are

drawn from intercourse with him ; yet he “ still lives ” and moves as the presiding spirit, over the destinies of a people, who, though now greatly increased, acknowledge him the bright star of their hope, and point to him as the guardian angel of this their beloved *America*. And though his bodily presence is long removed from them, they turn their footsteps to the Grave of Washington and see him in imagination, again moving and acting as of yore. Whatever belonged to him has become dear to mankind. The ground his feet pressed is sacred. The trees he planted with his own hand, the groves through which he walked at evening, still seem to breathe his name as they rustle their leaves.

Several years ago, we left the City of Washington to visit Mount Vernon, — the home and resting-place of Washington, — the “ Mecca of American Liberty.”

The air was cold and bracing, but as the sun came peeping above the banks of the Potomac, and rose nearer to his meridian splendor, his warming influences softened the wintry atmosphere of February. Old Boreas had stripped the trees of their foliage ; the rich carpeting which a few months ago had covered the earth, was removed by the touch of his icy fingers, and the earth was cold and hard as the stone which covered the remains of him whose deeds occupied so large a place in our thoughts.

Nature had interposed and removed from our pathway all attractions, and our thoughts were allowed full scope to their communings. We could not be gay, —

we felt sad; but it was a holy sadness — for we realized that we were approaching the spot where the greatest and best of mankind rested from his labors. Mirth had no place in our feelings, — levity could not enter into the transactions of that day.

After a long ride, through the forest, we arrived at the gate of the venerable mansion where *Washington* lived and died. At this gate, as its keeper, resided the only living servant of the Patriot. We entered the dwelling and commenced a conversation with her, and the incidents that she related of her old master were of such interest, that time passed unheeded, and ere we were aware, an hour was spent in her presence.

She said she was fifteen years old when the General came back from the wars, covered with victory, and she remembered him well as he rode through the gate which we had just passed, and said, “Ah! my little *Sylvia*, the Britishers didn't hit me after all, and they have all gone back to old England; and I have come home to live and die on the estate.” She seized the “General's” hand and kissed it, and wet it with her tears.

She saw her master die — she saw him when dead. And as she related this, the tears streamed from her eyes, and looking up to heaven, pointed her hand away, and said, “Well, if we ever go to heaven, we shall meet the General there.” As we listened to her voice and saw the intensity of her feelings, the tears involuntarily started down our own cheeks, and our inmost soul ex-

claimed, acquiescing in her last remark, — May we all meet him there!

Leaving this gate, we wended our way slowly another half mile, through deep ravines, and over lofty eminences, and reflected that we were passing over new ground; but it was ground that had often been travelled by the hero when warm with life.

At last our carriage, rising to an eminence, gave us a glimpse of the wall and observatory of the Home of Washington. As we gazed upon it, our eyes filled with tears. We were now, for the first time, looking upon the home of the father of our great and glorious nation, where eagle's wings stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, over rich valleys thronged with prosperous and happy habitations, and over rugged mountains and streaming rivers, bearing upon their surface the wealth of millions.

We stood before a ruin! The master of the house had long since gone away, and time had left the mansion like

“Some banquet hall deserted.”

The master was not here; they had borne him away. We entered the mansion and were shown through the apartments usually thrown open to visitors. We saw the parlor, the drawing-room, the dining-room, with the mantelpiece presented to him by Lafayette. We desired to visit the chamber where Washington died. This was denied, but as we passed out into the yard,



we were pointed to one of the upper rooms as the sacred place. We were shown the lemon-tree which he planted with his own hands; it was old, but still green as the memory of him who planted it.

We inquired for the spot to which they had borne him, and were directed to the green slope towards the river, not far from the bank; and there they showed us WASHINGTON'S TOMB. We slowly and reverently gathered there and bowed before it in gratitude, silence and tears. We were satisfied. This, of all the spots on the green earth, we had delighted to visit. From our school-boy days, to a more mature age, we had felt a love and veneration for this spot. Never were the ashes of an individual watered by more grateful tears, than were the ashes of him whose mortal remains were here lain. Pens have attempted to portray his character, and describe the sincere and afflicting sorrow that penetrated the heart of the people when his mortal remains were here deposited. The pencil and chisel have vied with each other in a laudable attempt to perpetuate his likeness; but all efforts have measurably failed. His likeness was concentrated in himself alone, and those who have never beheld it there, will search for it in vain. His memory will never be effaced from the heart of an American, while the spot that contains his remains can be visited or pointed to. And though *Mount Vernon*, the home of his youth, may pass into other hands, and Time, the leveller of all things, doom to decay the room where he was born,



and the works which his hands have made, yet his fame, his noble virtues, will ever be remembered; his name revered and adored.

We left this place as the sun was going down the western sky, and passed slowly, silently and solemnly away from the sacred groves which cluster around *The Grave of Washington*.

## A RIDE TO FORT HAMILTON.

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BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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It is difficult to choose between the scenery of the ocean side, and inland scenery, if one were to have the liberty of but one of them. Both of them take hold of the imagination with great power; both are stimulating, and yet soothing. But they act upon the mind in a very different way, and one worthy of some examination.

The power of the mind to animate natural objects with its own emotions, and gradually to clothe external objects with the attributes and experiences of the soul, is well known. The place where any event in our history has occurred, becomes a memorial of the feelings which that event excited in us. The walk which, for years, our feet have trod in hours of meditation, is no longer a dry path, half-leaf-covered, obscure among the underbrush, or sinuous along the summit of the overlooking bluff. It has become entrusted with our deepest sensations. It speaks to us, and we talk with it. It is a journal of our gradual experiences. A rock,

under whose sides we have been wont to commune with God, and dream of the future, can never assume a merry face or irreverent demeanor. The home-trees under which we sit with daily friends, become social and familiar; those which our solitude seeks out, and under which we take refuge from men, whose whispering boughs charm our cares, or whose silence descends from far-up branches, through which we see the heavens above, to quiet our fears or sorrows—become sacred companions. Thus, too, certain places—bends in a river, nooks in a mountain-side, clefts in rocks, sequestered dells—have their imputed life. Whenever we come back to these places, it is as when one reads old letters, or a journal of old experiences, or meets old friends, that bring thronging back with them innumerable memories, and renewed sensations of pleasure or sadness.

Ocean prospects can not have such effects. Whatever may be the sources of its power, it does not depend upon association. There are no permanent objects. The waves of yesterday are gone to-day; and the calm of to-day will be tumultuous to-morrow. The very effect of the sea, in part, depends upon its exceeding changeableness. Upon what can we hang our associations? The line of coast supplies a partial resource, but the sea none. It has no nooks, or dells, or caves, or overhanging rocks, which, once formed, abide forever. It has no perpetual boughs or enduring forests. Its mountains are liquid, and flow down in the very

same moment that they lift themselves up. The wide and whole sea, as a great One, to be sure, comes to us always the same; but its individual features are always strangers. Its waves are always new waves; its ripples are always formed before us; its broad and uncrested undulations are fresh and momentarily produced. If we go down to the shore to mourn for those who shall not come forth from the deep till the arch-angel's trump shall bring forth its dead—though we shed daily tears for weary months, they treasure up no associations in the rolling waters or bright glancing calms; and if the place becomes sacred, it is the shore, the surrounding rocks, or sand-hills, and not the ever-born, ever-dying waves.

The operation of these causes extends to level country scenery. The mind seldom wishes to trust much to a level and insipid country. The inhabitants of such plains form but feeble local attachments with natural objects. But those mountain-born, become so intensely attached to their familiar places, that when removed from them, home-sickness becomes a disease, and preys upon the frame like a fever or a consumption.

The scenery of the sea addresses itself to a different part of our being. It speaks more to the imagination than to the affections, giving fewer objects for analysis or examination; forever throwing off the eye by revolutions of form and changeableness, and refusing to become familiar in the patient and gentle ways of companionship, that venerable forests and benignant moun-

tains assume. The sea is not a lover and friend, but an inspirer and austere teacher. Trees soothe us and comfort us by sympathy. We will stand in our sorrows, or yearnings, or sadness; but they come to us, and with ten thousand airy voices or melodious whisperings, and mingling better thoughts and faith with our fretful experience, they sweeten the heart without washing away its thoughts with forgetfulness.

But the sea forces life away from us. We stand upon its shore as if a new life were opening upon us, and we were in the act of forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those which are before and beyond. The unobstructed distance, the far horizon line, on which only the eye stops, but over which the imagination bounds, and then first perceives plainly where the eye grows dim; the restless change, the sense of endless creative power, the daily and sometimes hourly change of countenance, that makes you think that the ocean revolves deep experiences in its bosom, and reveals distinctly upon its mutable face, expressions of its peace, or sorrow, or joy, or struggle, and rage, or victory and joyfulness again; these are phenomena that excite us, and carry us away from life, away from hackneyed experiences. We come back to life as if from a voyage, and familiar things have grown strange.

A frequent and favorite ride, with us, is to Fort Hamilton. It lies in part along the Long Island side of New York Bay and the Narrows, and terminates a

little beyond the Fort, where between the dim sand-points of Coney Island on the left, and the Hook on the right, the ocean stretches out itself.

It is an autumnal day; the leaves are changed, but not fallen. The air is mild and genial. The carriage stands at the door; the mother is ready; the friends are waiting, and Charley paws impatiently. Away we go rattling over the noisy pavement, enduring, rather than enjoying, till we reach the toll-gate. This passed, the fresh sea-smell comes across the bay, and we look out upon heaps of sea-weed on our right, odorous in its peculiar and not disagreeable way. The bay is specked with sails. Staten Island stands boldly up on the far side, a noble frame to so beautiful a picture as New York Bay.

The wheels roll softly over the smooth causeway till we enter the street of Gowanus, when again we quake and shake for a long mile over execrable pavements, poorly laid at first, and through daily use, grown daily worse. For oh, my friends, this is death's highway! Here, through almost every hour of the day he holds his black possessions to Greenwood. And now we reach the corner which leads to the Funeral-Gate; this is the corner guarded with oysters, liquor and cakes, on one side, and a thriving marble-cutting, monument-making business, on the other. It is quite American. One reflects with peculiar emotions upon these happy national conjunctions of dissipation, commerce, and death-rest. But, after all, is not this an unconscious



type of life? Is there not, every day, if we would see it, just as terrible a mingling of things sacred and profane? And yet it is painful, and always increasingly, that there is not in the public mind enough taste, or sentiment, or superstition, or *anything*, to keep the sordid huckstering from shoving its bar and booth up to the very cheeks of death and the grave. Or must the last sounds that smite the dead man's coffin, bear witness of the spirit of that great, sordid den from which he has departed and is departing? Cut away, then, mason, as the mother follows her babe to its peaceful bed; tempt her with your marble cherubs; set your lambs in inviting array, and coax her sorrow to buy an angel, or something so called. It is gratifying for a sorrowful heart to see that you have been expecting him; that you have reckoned that it would come to this soon. You are all ready for a bargain, just as the undertaker was before you. He had his ostentatious coffins, his show-windows, where a man is tempted to stop and examine the latest fashion of a coffin, a perfect gem of a thing. One can refresh himself at a hundred places in the city with such agreeable sights, and have explanations thrown in for nothing, of the way in which you would be put in, your genteel appearance, the remarkable preservation you might reasonably expect; and if your vanity is susceptible, it will be gratifying to know, that a connoisseur of coffins thinks and assures you that you would make one of the most genteel corpses. Pah! the clink of

hammers on marble is harsh discord. Get away, Charley, leave this behind quickly.

Neither will we turn in at the Company entrance. It is death's ground. All over it he has set up his banners of Victory. What has the heart to do there? Why should we wish to see the weakness — the dishonor, of our mortal bodies? Was it not enough to pray with vain anguish for this life; to struggle with both oars against the stream that was sweeping them down toward death, and be yet borne downward? Was not the darkness, the stillness, the burden of lonesomeness, the changed aspect of men and the world, the thrusting in upon us by invisible power of huge and dark distresses, enough? Why should we go in to weep afresh? to wish that we were dead? to hear the trees sigh, and the song of birds changed so that their very glee was sad to the ear? What morbid life is that where the light is black, and flowers are mockers, and leaves are hoarse, and the air, and birds, and every living thing, a brooding of sorrow? Then let us hasten past the great bosom of Greenwood and leave her alone to nurse the dead.

We are for other scenes; for now we come to a little rustic chance on the right, around which we turn short, and head toward the water. The way is narrow, the road smooth, the sides hedged with trees and bushes, and many evergreens intermixed. We emerge. There lies the narrowing bay. Up through the narrows come the weary ships that have struggled bravely

with the ocean, and have come home to rest. They look grateful. Their sails are loosely furled. They submit themselves to steam-tugs with a resigned air, as if it was fit, after so great a voyage, that' they should rest from toil. Down come ships from the city — some with sails and some towed, but all eager, fresh-painted, vigorous in aspect, and ready to pitch into storm and spray. Little boats skip about like insects. Sloops and schooners with snow-white sails, are busying themselves with just as much self-respect, and look of usefulness, as if they had the tonnage of the largest ship!

As we ride leisurely along, we see the original condition of Brooklyn Heights. The bank plunges precipitately down to the water, gullied here and there with water courses, piled at the base with heaps of rocks, and clothed all the way down with evergreens, deciduous trees, and bushes. Up through the leaves and branches comes the splash of the water, breaking on the rocks or gravel. These are wind-ripples; or the waves of steamboats, or the wake of vessels sweeping close along shore. But whatever makes the wavelet, the murmur and splash is musical enough as it reaches up to you through the thicket. As we draw near the fort, the lower bay opens. Shadows divide the light into sections along the surface. The whole expanse is full of little undulations that quiver and flash, as if beneath the water-myriads of fire-fish rose and emitted their light. But all these things we see, rather, when we return. Now the eye searches the

horizon. There are the faint ships dying out of sight, outward bound. That is not a ship—but a mote such as dances before the eye strained to penetrate an empty distance. Yet a little while, and it has a semblance of a cloud. It gathers substance before you, and ere long swells its airy proportions into the undoubted form of a ship carrying every bit of sail that can be made to cling to the spars.

We turn the carriage from the road; we grow silent and thoughtful; we gaze and think; we fly away from the eye, and see the world beyond the horizon; we hover in the air over ships upon the equator; we outrun the Indiaman and double the Horn; we dart away westward and overlook the garden of islands, the Pacific! If one speaks, the charm breaks, the fairies fly, the vision is gone, and we are back again! Now you may see that noblest of all ocean sights, for beauty, a full-rigged ship under full sail! A man that can look upon that and feel nothing stir within him, no glow, or imagination, or sense of beauty, may be sure that something important was left out in his making. If you come down here a hundred times, it is never twice alike. Diversity is endless. Its population of sails changes; every change of wind, every mood of atmosphere, every mutation of clouds, every changing hour of the sun, give new aspects. It arouses in you an idea of infinity. As you look, the serene ocean of ether, and the tremulous ocean of water, both, and alike, give inspirations. You forget; you let go of care;

you drop sorrows; all threads of thought snap in the loom, and the shuttle carries a new yarn, and the fabric stretches out a new pattern. God's truths, that came near to fading out among the clang of men, and the fictions of the real, gain form and power. The Invisible grows more real than the substantial. Nothing seems so wild and extravagant as human life. Nothing so sweet as flying away from it. The soul hears itself called from the other world. Nor does it require that supremest architect, the imagination, to fashion forth the illustrious gate and the blessed city; not, if your ride be at evening, and the sun sets enthroned among high-piled and multitudinous clouds. Then the eye beholds things unutterable to the tongue.

How restful is all this! Irritableness and impatience is gone. The woes and frets of life are not, when we have such wings, hard to be borne. To live for the things which occupy God; to lift up our fellow-men, through all the round of human infirmities; to build the substantial foundations of life, to enrich the conditions of society, to inspire better thoughts, to fashion a nobler character, to stand with Gospel trumpet and banner, and see floating towards it, troops of regenerated men, who, ere long, shall throng about our Lord, the Christ of God. These seem, then, neither unsubstantial ambitions nor impracticable works. Nothing seems so real as that which God gives the soul power to do upon the soul.

But the tide that came down with us is returning.

Ships that dashed out toward the sea are slowly coming up to their anchor, and swinging round toward the city. Let us return, for we have flowers to gather along the banks, and crimson leaves, and branches of cedar, clustered full of pale blue berries, and creeping strawberry vines. We must clamber down, too, to the rocks, and let the water lick our feet; and gather a few choice shells, which the children, at least, will think pretty.

Slowly, and reluctantly, we travel homeward. We approach that sweet and restful ground of Greenwood. We fain would draw near and enter in. We have sacred rights there, and anticipations of our own bodies slumbering there. That which we have committed in its mortal part to the earth, God will guard with sacred vigilance till the TIME comes. All the trees, rustling their leaves, are prophesying to our ears of the trees of life; and all the birds and flowers are witnesses of God's guardianship. "Shall not He, who careth for us, care for your children, which were, and are, his own children?" they say. "Yea," our hearts respond; "God hath them. No black wolf of Death shall break into that fold to ravish them again. God shall keep them till our coming. And with faith and hope, and serene content, we wend our way back to life and to work, now not burdensome or hopeless."



# GENEALOGY OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

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BY REYNELL COATES, M. D.

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WHENCE comes this influence of the very breeze of our native land, giving to the American man the elastic spring of nerve that no misfortune can depress ; — the ceaseless energy of mind that no research can daunt ; the stubborn will that laughs at fatigue, and acknowledges only in death, that any enterprise can be too vast for its accomplishment.

“ The boy is father to the man ; ” not at maturity can he acquire such traits as these. The soil must be propitious, the seed itself well chosen, and the young plant guarded from the early frost, to produce those mental fruits which stamp the American as one of a peculiar race, adapted, in its very infancy, to the conquest of a continent, and in its early youth, to the perfection of a political and social system which is the beacon light of civilization and the morning star of hope to other lands.

The liberty which gave character to that race was not an importation from abroad, with the Gaelic Pres-

byterian of the barren Scottish hills, whence, a stern struggle with unwilling nature compelled the necessary food for man; where labor gave iron strength to wiry muscles; where poverty inclined the soul to God, and oppression armed the conscience with ribs of steel. It came not with the Saxon Puritan of fertile England, relinquishing all that man holds dear in social life, and institutions theoretically free, for the wilderness and the savage, and that highest earthly boon — the right to worship his Creator in his own time and manner. It came not with the Norman Cavalier, for whom the mere love of adventure — “the rapture of the strife” — was a sufficient inducement to sacrifice the advantages of noble station in the father-land —

“Who, for itself, can hail the approaching fight,  
And turn what some deem danger, to delight.”

Nor came it with the quiet Quaker, the banner-bearer of the abstract right in morals, whose self-sacrificing benevolence and passive, non-resistant firmness might well befit the purity of the millennium, but not the present or the coming age of wars and outrage. The impulsive Irish, the industrious German, the mercurial Frenchman, could not have been its parent; for, though many of our forms of law are framed on European models, what European system has produced such fruit? With all their classic glory, the republics of old Greece were mockeries of thieves; — that of the world's master, Rome, a mockery of robbers. When

Russian autocracy liberates the serf, to what condition does it elevate him? To that general slavery, only, before which the proudest noble bows! What is French freedom, with a shackled press, and a people taught to lean upon the State?—if rich, for their amusements; if poor, for food itself—their energies repressed by habitual dependence, and their very individuality merged into the public, like the soul of the Bramin into the essence of the Deity;—a people whose language owns no such word as *home*,—whose dictionary presents no synonyme for *comfort*. And what is English freedom? A boasted equality in the eye of the law, although that law divides society into casts—into broad *steppes*, continually ascending toward the icy atmosphere of an unapproachable throne, but divided by unfathomable gulphs, spanned only by narrow bridges, upon which the dwellers of each lower platform struggle to pass over by the aid of gold or marriage;—ever fawning upon those above, and trampling upon those beneath, while, where one wins his way, thousands fall crushed into the chasm, with the world's hiss for their sole requiem! Was, then, American Liberty the child of these?

But turn we to the pioneers of our own land! What was the liberty of the cavaliers of the South?—The unruly conflict of a band of free companions with the vicegerents of regal power; a treacherous and uncompromising war upon the rights of a simple-minded, hospitable race, and the jollity of a social revel, like that of summer butterflies, taking no thought of the

coming frost; — a liberty which famine and massacre alone could tame — which a belt of savage foes alone reduced to reason! What was the liberty of the puritans of the North? A stern theocracy that rendered the Church the tyrant of the fireside — not the less stern because that Church was republican in form, though an autocrat in essence. Its liberty was the liberty of its own opinions, with the right to enforce them upon others by banishments and hangings. But let the veil of time still screen the picture. Except “to point a moral or adorn a tale,” let us be deaf to the Midias whispers of the autumnal breeze, disturbing old dreams from their sleep of three hundred years among the leaves of the elm on Boston Common; — let us be blind to the sheeted ghosts in melancholy moonlight march on Salem hill, and turn in charity to gaze on the slow wane of Roger Williams, wending its winding way to Providence Plantations! And what was midland liberty? In Maryland, a religious *toleration*, which, by its very grant, denied the doctrine of religious *rights*; and, in Pennsylvania, the perfection of religious rights, with the refusal of the natural right of self defence, on which all civil rights depend for their continuance! Was American Liberty the offspring of these?

It was! But the child was “to the manor born.” Full armed, like Pallas, the genius of American civilization, sprung from the brain of the old world, to the forest covered shores of the new; but her few and scattered worshippers were lost in the unmeasured wil-

derness ; and, struggling for existence with novel difficulties and novel dangers, solitude and reflection became necessities of their condition. The principles of old systems, the practice of old arts had no fitness — no application in those vast old woods ; — the foliage, the soil, the very stars were new. The grandeur of cataract and mountain, the awful stillness of interminable groves, were reflected on the mirror of the soul. They stamped themselves there forever, as the beautiful in nature is impressed upon the tablets of Daguerre. There was room in this awful silence for the voice of God, and it was heard ! The leaven of original truth found entrance into the mouldy mass of preconceived ideas — mouldy and covered with the dust of ages. It fermented. New combinations took place among the elements of thought. Centuries of science and experience had charged that mass with elements of which the young world knew naught ; and results in the chemistry of morals of which Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome had never dreamed, startled the lonely thinker. *The American Mind* was born !

Lame and conflicting were its earliest efforts. The widely different origin and circumstances of many distant colonies produced varieties of law, of custom and opinion, and when, in the progress of time, increasing “ settlements ” and population brought the boundaries of those colonies together, their interests clashed. Very far from unity and strength were those various communities ; but the distant, and consequently feeble hand

of Power was able to restrain them from civil commotion, and a common fealty still bound them together, as children of one family. They clashed, but to assimilate; and assimilation paved the way for fusion. The angles of local habit and opinion were worn off by the attrition of commerce; the intolerance of sectarian jealousy disappeared under the softening influence of social intercourse, and Religious Freedom worthy of the name, for the first time, gladdened the world. This was the first born child of the American Mind. The influence of Williams and Penn, acting through nearly a century of time, upon materials which no other section of this earth could offer — under circumstances which no other country could produce — sufficed for this new creation; and Religious Freedom once ushered into life, the advent of her proper offspring, Political Liberty, could not be long delayed.

When at length, foreign oppression gave the colonies common cause for resistance, it found them federal in heart, and original in thought. The grey-haired fathers of the land assembled in their wisdom, to sever the political chain that bound them to an ungrateful foreign Prince, and to legislate, in the spirit of prophecy, for unborn ages. Their future was vast as their patrimony of half the world, but their ideas were as vast as their future. The towering pride of their majestic trees, the ocean swell of their broad prairies, the mysterious distance of the undefined and seemingly limitless West, the grandeur of their inland seas, the eternal thunder of



their torrents, and the unfathomable depth of their clear blue skies had made them so. Some social habits, some *forms* of institutions, they inherited from their European ancestry; but let it not be said that the spirit of their *magna charta*, their bill of popular rights, was the child of European genius, or their glorious Constitution a reflex from a British system. By none but Americans, no where but in America — could that scheme of government have been devised, which startles the world with paradox and astounds it by success. Trusting the reins of power, *by right*, in the hands of an absolute people, it escapes the confusion of a democratic assemblage; — unaided by hereditary rank, it creates a deathless Senate; — without a local sovereignty, its Congress controls a nation with more than regal energy; — governed by servants at will of their own appointment, the people *compel themselves* to the observance of their own laws, and without patrician classes, establish and maintain the courtesies of social grades!

Coeval with that Constitution was the birth of American Political Liberty; shall we not claim it, then, as native to the soil? — Grand-child of the American Mind! Bright daughter of Religious Freedom! Two hundred years of pain and struggle,— of solitude and thought,— of trial and experience — were necessary to thy inception. No other age has seen thy semblance! No other people could endure thy presence! The wise of the old world still shake their venerable locks, and prophecy thy early death. Even here, another century

has almost passed away, and left thy education incomplete. And shall we still consent that those who have been taught, by precept and example, to hate or to despise thee — that strangers who know thee not should influence thy warm heart, and guide thy actions? No! “Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,” let them seek shelter in the shadow of thy starry banner, and gratefully bask in the sunshine of thy smile; but when they sacrilegiously approach thy altar, to sully with unholy hands the sacrifice of blood — to touch those laws and institutions entrusted to our care as priceless relics of “the days that tried men’s souls,” — then let the cry be raised — “*Procul, O, procul este profani!*” Thy virtues are natal and hereditary — we, to the manor born, are thy blood, kith and kin; — “to us, and to our posterity” belong the honors of thy priesthood and the conduct of thy councils. This trust descends to us from the patriots and sages who nursed thee in thy cradle, on the ever memorable day when the great bell of Independence Hall rung out the peal of “Liberty to all the nations,” and, withered be our hands, and blighted the best hopes of our hearts, when we prove recreant to it or thee!

## PROTESTANTISM IN AMERICA.

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BY. REV. W. H. RYDER.

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THE remarkable success which has attended our national career; the glowing reports which emigrants have sent back to their friends at home, and the general good name which our country has abroad, especially among the humbler classes of people — these, and similar agencies, have brought great numbers of foreigners to our shores. Nor do we complain at their coming. The desire to improve one's temporal condition is natural and commendable. At home, there was but little to hope for — here, there is ample opportunity. In what great numbers they have come among us, is well known. That many of them have become good citizens, some of them exemplary and highly useful men, no one will deny. Nor do we, in this article, speak of the morals or personal habits of the great body of them. We are concerned with the religion of these people, and not with the people themselves. There are individual Catholics whom we greatly esteem as good citizens and high-minded men, and most cheer-

fully shall we seek to promote their temporal interests and to secure them proper respect in the community ; but for Catholicism we have no such regard, no matter by whom it is professed. We know that it is the enemy of Protestantism ; equally well do we think we know that it is the enemy of Republicanism : but these two broad principles are essential to the very existence of such a government as ours, so that if we would maintain *that*, we must support *these* : and prevent, so far as we can consistently, the establishment among us of any form of belief which is opposed to religious or civil liberty.

We shall not attempt to show that the principles of the government of the United States are sound and worthy our support. We take this for granted. To us, they are such. We love our country and shall cheerfully labor to promote its best good. And we do this upon principle, as well as from personal choice. For the sake of our children ; for the sake of future generations ; for the sake of those who are endeavoring to secure in other lands the religious and civil blessings which we enjoy in this ; for the sake of the poor and oppressed who have come to this country for protection, in the enjoyment of their inalienable rights ; for the sake of vindicating truth against error, and right against wrong, do we rejoice in every evidence of the prosperity of our nation ; in the removal of any form of evil by which her peace is threatened, and in the enforcement of any great truth by which

Protestantism in religion, and Republicanism in politics, are better protected and secured.

Our nation is peculiarly exposed to external influences from the very nature of its institutions and the spirit which they inspire in the people. In foreign governments, changes are made but seldom, and most of these, if important and permanent, pass through the hands of the aristocracy, or other leading classes. A new principle in morals is received cautiously, and if allowed to be taught, is so watched and guarded as greatly to weaken its force with the many. A new invention in art must be submitted to the scrutiny of a powerful monopoly; perhaps be crushed as an innovation to the established mode, or dangerous to the leading interests from the general use which may be made of it. There the lines are already drawn; habits are fixed;—to overcome or change, in any important respect, either of the leading elements in a foreign nation, is a difficult task. Here the case is very different. Nothing is permanent with us as yet. We are a young nation, scarcely out of our boyhood. The American character is not fully developed. Circumstances have brought out certain traits by which we are, as a people, distinguished. How far we shall develop these traits in our future history; whether we shall elevate them into permanent characteristics, applicable to our entire people, or whether they shall become largely affected by other elements which may by-and-by sway the wills of the masses, the future

alone can determine. We may say of the German character, it is fully developed, and it is easily described: but what careful thinker will affirm this of the American mind, and mark out the characteristics by which it is to be distinguished in the history of nations?

These facts indicate the influence exerted upon our people by every new principle to which they give their attention. It is at once a formative power. It does not so much threaten the existence of time-honored customs, or break in upon ancient usages, but it actually creates new habits and establishes new customs, by entering at once into the domain of common thought, and contributing to the direction of the popular will. How very important it is, then, that proper, and only proper influences should be brought to bear upon the minds of our countrymen — that they should be stimulated to noble deeds — that lofty motives should be held up before them, and the great needs of man constantly pressed upon their notice. No question which can influence a single mind, is unimportant in this view. It enters at once into the great body of thought which is certain to find expression in corresponding action.

Consider, also, what facilities evil has to work with. In some regards it has a fearful opportunity to ingratiate itself into the public esteem. The same types that print good books, may print bad books; the same right of free speech that protects him who proclaims solid truth for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of Christ, also protects him in the utterance of base falsehoods



for the maintenance of the Kingdom of Satan. What higher privileges could be secured to a people who had reached the climax of moral and social perfection, than those of free speech, free thought, and "freedom to worship God?" We do not, by any means, regret that such privileges are secured to all, because, on the whole, the balance of influence is on the side of right. We do, however, think it worth while to consider the exposure which such an elevated position involves, and to be always on our guard, lest these opportunities are abused, and the safeguards of our freedom converted into a bulwark of tyranny.

The position of our country is an exposed one. We are necessarily brought into contact with other nations, all of whom are under governments essentially unlike ours. The principles of those governments; the forms of thought which prevail among their subjects, largely influence us. They are constantly making inroads upon our republican ideas, just as we are upon their aristocratic opinions. And if our people were not fully alive to this exposure, and to the necessity of keeping constantly in mind that republics rest upon the virtue and intelligence of the people, there would be very great reason to fear a most disastrous result from this familiar intercourse, especially, in view of our peculiar position. Be the danger from this source what it may, monarchical governments, as such, are not our chief source of anxiety. The great evil which most threatens our peace, comes to us in the name of

religion — the religion which most foreign governments profess, and by which many of them are largely upheld. We need scarcely say that we refer to the Romish Church.

Nothing is more evident, than that a republic and a monarchy cannot live side by side in peace. They are essentially unlike. The devoted friend of one, cannot be a faithful subject of the other. "Either he will love the one and hate the other; or he will hold to the one and despise the other." That such a hostility exists between the Catholic Church and Republicanism, we shall proceed to show.

I. The Romish Church is in its very nature monarchical.

We desire not to exhibit an intolerant spirit in maintaining the truthfulness of this position. And we take this early opportunity to state, what we are happy to know is true, that in the rural districts of several of the countries of Europe, the priests are not the friends and allies of monarchy. They are placed in the midst of the people; know and sympathize with their wants, and think more of the religion than of the organization which upholds it. They are outside of the direct influence of the Church, and not unfrequently give their aid to the liberal movements of the masses about them. On the contrary, all monastic institutions, and all churches, cathedrals, etc., immediately connected with these, are the direct agencies through which the papal power executes its decrees. The "orders" of the Church,

by whatever name known, are imbued with the most conservative devotion to authority, and immediately wedded to the government. The "powers that be," support them in person, by their funds and favor. Any change in the government would be almost certain to be attended with loss to the Church, and hence its friends are the enemies of revolution and progress. The power of the Pope would be almost wholly destroyed, should all the crowned-heads of Europe declare against his religion, while on the other hand, the policy pursued by the Church, the submission to authority which it requires from its votaries, are precisely such discipline as the temporal rulers would have to keep their subjects quiet. The Church and the State are thus similarly situated. Freedom of thought in either is destructive to both. The brief history of the Italian Republic may be presented as evidence, under this head. The people must not be educated in their personal rights, or they will break away from these trammels of power for the agrandizement of the few. This the Church knows; this the State knows.

As a matter of fact, the Catholic Church is therefore hostile to the cause of liberty. We do not wish to make the accusation that Catholics are seeking the overthrow of our government and the ruin of our nation. Doubtless many of them love our country, and would make almost any sacrifice which its good might require: but Catholicism, as an organism, cannot be the friend of our country. Our form of govern-

ment is based upon Protestantism, and Protestantism is the most formidable enemy that the Romish Church ever had. They cannot agree. The same errors and abuses exist in the bosom of the Catholic Church now, that existed there when Luther protested against its abominations. Indulgences are sold now as well as then, and in all essential particulars popery is the same. Protestantism, therefore, if true to itself, cannot look upon Romanism with feelings of respect, or regard it in any other light than a most deadly enemy. And can we reasonably expect the Church which never forgives an enemy, to entertain a more favorable regard for Protestantism? Will it ever respect the memory of Luther, or any form of religion which has grown out of his labors? But, we repeat, *our institutions are based upon Protestantism*. How, then, shall the Catholic Church regard them with favor? Does it not claim to be the only true Church? and does it not maintain, that the first duty of every man is to the Church? Protestantism denies these claims, and has reared a class of institutions upon a different basis. How can they exist together! Harmony between these opposing forces is an impossibility.

II. The practical results of Romanism are hostile to the interests of Protestantism.

Catholicism is a system of forms. It does not place high value upon the life. Obedience to the Church is of more importance than social and intellectual culture. Hence, Romanism is not friendly to general education.

It would prefer, indeed, to have the masses ignorant, even semi-barbarous, and remain true Catholics, than enlightened and civilized, if thereby they should become Protestants. The argument presented in a number of Bronson's Review, from the pen of the editor, is to the same effect. He maintains that the culture of modern society tends to develop human pride; to make man self-sufficient, and therefore leads the mind away from the Church which should be its friend and councillor, into a general and ruinous skepticism. The Romish Church, for this reason, he says, cannot consistently sympathize with the efforts of Protestants for the elevation of the masses. There may be some force in this view of the subject. But if the objection rest anywhere, it lies against Republicanism, and not against Protestantism. Education is indispensable to self-government. If that education produce results which all good men have occasion to deplore, what is proved thereby, but that republics are the enemies of religion, and thus the foes of the race. This favorite argument with the Catholics implies, if anything, altogether too much. If it have any force, it is to show that Republicanism is at variance with the highest good of man, — a conclusion, it is safe to say, which Americans have not yet reached.

The state of things highly acceptable to Catholicism exists in Ireland, where the Papal power is very strong, out of the principal cities. And what is the condition of Ireland — especially, what is the condi-

tion of the Catholic population of Ireland? Let it be, moreover, borne in mind that all England has done for that unfortunate country, in the way of education, has but widened the breach between the Saxon and Celtic races. The Papal power is jealous of even the small measure of Protestant influence that is exerted by the English Church. These are important and suggestive facts. But we need not go to Ireland, or to Italy, or any other Catholic country for examples. Cases are constantly occurring in our very midst, which show the feelings and wishes of Romanists in reference to popular education. What is to be done in such cases — are we to allow the children of foreign parents to grow up in ignorance among us, and become a burden and pest to society, because their religion may be endangered? A religion that will not permit its votaries to be educated, is not entitled to any special consideration. Education is indispensable to the success of this or any other Republic, and all our children ought to be brought within its influence.

If our limits did not forbid, we should be pleased to present a brief outline of the teachings of history upon the relation of Romanism to public morals. And yet why need we do this? May not all which it is needful to state, be included in a few paragraphs? Is not Romanism, at heart, the same at all times and in all places — a system of heartless formalities and superstitions, exacting obedience to itself as the first and great consideration? How then can it be a reliable



aid to public virtue? Its aim is not to educate the hearts of mankind, to impose the burden of self-control upon the individual, by leading him to a knowledge of the great requirements of Scripture, — supreme love to God and the love of one's neighbor as himself. Italy is a Catholic country; so is France. Both are morally and socially corrupt. Italy, notwithstanding all its natural beauty, and its noble contributions to art, is exceedingly immoral. The people are not high-minded — not governed by principle. The nearer one gets to St. Peters, the worse the case stands. The clergy of Rome, as a class, are not men of good morals. They delude the people purposely, cheat them with sham exhibitions for effect, and the people, as if to reward them for their wickedness, nearly forsake their churches on ordinary occasions. Whoever wishes to respect the Romish Church, had better never see Rome. There, where nearly every person professes faith in its doctrines, and is supposed to be influenced by its spirit, one sees but very little to recommend, and very much to condemn. If society in Rome is a specimen of what Romanism would have all its votaries be, the fewer of such specimens there are in the world, the better will it be for the happiness and welfare of mankind.

In Germany, where the Protestant element is largely infused, the case is more hopeful. But Germany was the battle-ground upon which Tetzal and Luther met: Tetzal with his roll of indulgences, and Luther with his

great doctrine of justification by faith alone. In this country, we know as yet but little of the "true Church;"—we have seen only the best form of it. Give it time and power and it will be true to itself. There is occasionally a development that startles the people,—like the suppression of preaching against the Catholics in the streets of Cincinnati; the visit of Bedini and the particular anxiety which certain leading politicians in the United States Senate manifested in his behalf—but these are only trifles in comparison with the results that are certain to develop themselves within half a century, unless in some way, the increasing power of this fearful despotism is successfully checked and the rights and duties of Protestant republicanism more carefully guarded.

Having thus stated the monarchial nature of the Romish Church, we proceed to consider that Republicanism includes within itself freedom of thought in matters of faith. Free thought and free speech are fundamental to it. In the early history of our country, a national church was shown to be inconsistent with the general plan and purpose of a Republic. The idea of establishing one has become obsolete. Protestantism is regarded by all as a part of the national system. Each person is left free to choose his own religion, and support that which he thinks entitled to his favor, or support none at all.

History sustains the view which we have here taken. A few facts will justify the statement. England was

subjected to the yoke of the papal church by Pope Gregory the Great, at the close of the sixth century. That faith continued the prevailing religion until the rupture between Henry the VIII. and Leo X., when England set up a Church of its own. The discussion which followed this step, aided by the position of the reformers in Germany and Switzerland, gave rise to a class of people called the Puritans. They took high ground. But this new order of things did not afford the opportunity for free discussion and religious growth, that was desired. They were restricted in the exercise of their religious privileges by the special edicts of their crown.

In speaking of the Reformation in England, Bancroft says, "In England, so far was the freedom of private judgment from being recognized as a right, the means of forming a judgment on religious subjects was denied. The act of supremacy, which effectually severed the English nation from the Roman See, contained no clause favorable to religious liberty. \* \* \* The King of England became the pope in his own dominions, and heresy was still accounted the greatest of all crimes." To this dictation by parliament, the Puritans would not submit. They maintained their right to the full exercise of religious liberty — to the privilege of reading the bible for themselves and of determining what is truth. Nothing but the bible, they assumed, was a sufficient guide in matters of faith. Parliament enacted laws, but the Puritans would not abandon their position. What then remained for them as

true men and women, but to seek in exile the privileges which were denied them at home.

Every American should remember, and mark the fact, that these Puritans were the first to assume the right of private judgment in the interpretation of the scriptures. "The acknowledgment of the right of private judgment," says Bancroft, "so far from being the cause of the separation from Rome, was one of its latest fruits." Again, he says, "The settlement of New England was a result of the Reformation (in England,) and not the contest between the new opinions and the authority of Rome, but of implacable differences between Protestant dissenters and the established Anglican Church." Luther and his coadjutors did not assume the right of private judgment in matters of faith. His great doctrine was justification by faith alone, and from this he argued the freedom of the conscience. To the church as an ecclesiasticism he was not opposed. The Puritans — that brave band who came to these inhospitable shores, in the language of their compact, "For the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith;" who, guided by Providence, landed at Cape Cod and settled the colony of Plymouth,—to these men belong the honor of having first maintained the right of this great principle. Nobly did they exhibit their faith in it, and their love for it, both by their zeal in its defence and their sacrifices in its application.

There is another fact of immediate importance to

this general statement. Inquiries into the nature of civil governments followed the enfranchisement of the mind from religious despotism. Religious liberty was enjoyed first; civil liberty proceeded from it. Protestantism prepared the way for Republicanism. So long as the mind was held in bondage by religious orders it was easily enslaved by political despots; but when it had once arisen to a conception of the true source of Christian faith, and the relation of man to his Maker, all the "kingdoms of this world" could not tempt it into obedience to unjust law.

Such is a brief history of the Protestant idea. The reader will observe how intimately it is related to the cause of political liberty. The two are of one spirit and life, and they must rise and fall together. They are both the enemies of oppression, both hostile to Romanism, and this hostility is most heartily reciprocated.

Two practical questions present themselves here. Admitting, says the reader, all that you affirm of Catholicism to be true, are we not still under obligations to allow the believers in that form of faith, the right of choice in worship? Certainly. Any other view is anti-Protestant. The Catholic stands upon the same footing in this regard as any other religionist. This, however, we must re-affirm! Our government is based upon Protestantism. Whatever is peculiar to that, must be recognized in the entire system of our laws and discipline. If Catholicism sets up any claim



which cannot be allowed without injury to that, Catholicism must be denied. The wrong, if there is any in this position, is in the nature of the case. We are a Republic. It is for the best interests of humanity that this form of government should be maintained. This Republicanism rests upon the basis of Protestant Christianity. That must also be sustained. These two are one. Just the same view should we take of Mahammedanism. The followers of the Prophet of Mecca have a right in this country, if they choose to come; but, if they do so, they should conform to our laws and customs. Polygamy we should not allow them to practice, even if they urged this right in the name of the Prophet, and backed it by a quotation from the Koran. So of an evil nearer home — Mormonism. The social and civil wrongs of that system are to be treated in the same way. If the Mormons come within our jurisdiction they must be obliged to conform to our accepted rules of right. There is no broader liberty consistent with equity and prudence. Freedom is not lawlessness. Republics are based upon acknowledged principles: those principles must be insisted upon and carried out in practical life. Furthermore, the whole people must be educated in those ideas, and taught to regard them as of binding importance. In no other way can the existence of a free government be perpetuated.

And this introduces the other question which we proposed to notice, viz., the use of the Bible in our



Public Schools. Our views upon this subject must be already indicated to the reader. We would by no means have the prejudices of Catholics unnecessarily disturbed, neither would we purposely irritate the feelings of skeptics; and there may be individual cases where it would be better not to have the Bible used at all, but the right to use in our Schools *the only genuine version of the Bible now in general use*, is too manifest to our mind to require further proof. If prejudices are disturbed, that is the misfortune of the case and cannot be helped. To remove the Bible from our Public Schools is to yield the question to the opposition. That American Protestants will never do.

The great question of all history is to be decided upon American soil. Is man capable of self-government? Republicans desire to have this question answered in the affirmative; — those in every land who have caught the spirit of freedom sympathize with them in this important issue, and are ready to pour out their blood and money in the great cause of human liberty.

But aristocrats, and their supporters, those who claim to rule by divine right, or by ecclesiastical succession, — these, and the friends of despotism in every form, are interested to have this question decided in the negative. Consider, reader, the earnest appeal which this tremendous issue makes to you as an individual. Be faithful to your country and your God. Let your watchword be Republicanism and Protestantism! One and inseparable — now and forever.

## A NATIONAL ANTHEM.

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BY MRS. M. A. WHITAKER.

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GOD of the nations, hear us!  
And make the feeble strong; —  
Our songs of glad thanksgiving,  
To thy great name belong.  
Loud, loud we'il swell the anthem,  
High, high our voices raise;  
Columbia's sons and daughters,  
Your Guardian Ruler praise!

Come, brothers, never falter —  
Join, sisters, heart and hand,  
Round Freedom's sacred altar,  
Our own dear Fatherland!

Praise to the Lord Almighty!  
His wonderous power proclaim,  
Who led the exile Pilgrims  
Across the pathless main;  
That Truth might soar unfettered  
On swift and daring wing, —  
And to this home of Freedom  
Her grateful tribute bring.

Come, brothers, never falter —  
 Join, sisters, heart and hand,  
 Round Freedom's sacred altar,  
 Our own dear Fatherland !

He blessed our Patriot Fathers,—  
 He was their strength and shield,  
 When Right uprose triumphant,  
 And bade Oppression yield ;  
 Firm on the " Rock of Ages,"  
 Though Passion's storm raged high,  
 They stood in Faith, undaunted,  
 Their watchword " Liberty ! "

Come, brothers, never falter —  
 Join, sisters, heart and hand,  
 Round Freedom's sacred altar,  
 Our own dear Fatherland !

Thou, by whose inspiration,  
 Brave thoughts and deeds have birth,  
 Whose piercing eye illumines  
 The darkness of our earth :  
 Breathe on each kindling spirit,  
 Pour down thy holy light,—  
 So shall the flame of Freedom  
 Still burn divinely bright.

Come, brothers, never falter,—  
 Join, sisters, heart and hand,  
 Round Freedom's sacred altar,  
 Our own dear Fatherland !

Proudly our country's banner  
Waves over land and sea —  
God! may its stars shine brighter,  
Our people *all* be free!  
Haste the day's glorious dawning,  
When wrong and strife will cease,  
And ransomed millions echo  
The Angels' song of "Peace."  
Come, brothers, never falter,—  
Join, sisters, heart and hand,  
Round Freedom's sacred altar,  
Our own dear Fatherland!

## THE TRUE HEART.

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BY ELIZABETH DOTEN.

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THE rooks went cawing home to their nests, and the evening star shone like a little moon amid the crimson glories of the sunset, when Nelly Flynn raised the bundle of grain to her head which she had gleaned that day in the broad harvest fields of Castle Kearney, and turned her steps homeward. The sharp stubble and the borders of the miry peat bog were crossed with the same light step, for Nelly's feet were not cumbered with shoes, or her mind with care, and she went humming along, with many a skip and jump, until she came to a little stile by the roadside. Here she threw down her bundle and resting upon the stile commenced fanning herself with her hat.

As she sat thus, the fair Lady Isabel, of Castle Kearney, rode by on her little white pony, accompanied by several servants. She turned her face with a pleasant smile toward Nelly, and kissed her hand as she passed. Poor Nelly's happy heart fluttered like a caged bird within her, and she called upon all the saints in



A. P. 1800

W. H. P. & S. W. 1800





heaven to bless the dear lady. And no wonder, for a kinder, lovelier, gentler being never lived; and a blessed thing would it have been for the poor had her surly old husband been of a like nature; but the Lord of Castle Kearney was known the whole country round as a hard-hearted, grasping, miserly man, who counted every penny, and claimed his due to the uttermost farthing. His tenants were of the most abject and vicious class, for between him and Father Malone, the village priest, they fared very hard. Not having scarce a morsel left for their own mouths, they were obliged to resort to all means, save honest ones, to keep life in their bodies; and the Lord of Castle Kearney found that traps, and watch-dogs, and game-keepers could not hinder frequent incursions and trespasses upon his property. He would gladly have rid himself of them altogether, but he cared not to come to open hostilities with such a belligerent crew, and so matters grew worse every day.

Michael Flynn, the father of Nelly, had been considered the most trustworthy and industrious man of this class, and had won much confidence from the Lord and his Lady. But since the death of his wife, a period of about a year, he had taken to strong drink and bad company. The little cabin which he occupied, and the bit of ground in the rear, already bore striking evidence of this change in his habits. Nelly grieved much over this, but she did not sit down in despair. She was a stout girl of eighteen, and she put her own

hand to the work with a right good will, keeping entirely aloof from the idle, brawling women, with their dirty children, who swarmed about their cabin doors, and who never failed, upon any favorable opportunity, of giving vent to their envy and spleen against Nelly, in language highly offensive to the poor girl's delicate sense.

There were several reasons for this bitterness of feeling. Nelly's mother was a woman of pure English blood, and had managed before her death, to give her daughter a very good education. The lady Isabel regarded the motherless girl with especial favor, and Father Malone frequently honored the cabin of Michael Flynn with his presence, sometimes sitting down with them to their evening meal of milk and potatoes, or occasionally taking a drop of whiskey with the old man, which was considered the highest evidence of his friendship. Indeed, he seemed to feel almost a fatherly solicitude for the welfare of Nelly, and she seldom went out or returned from her labors without meeting him, and receiving from him words of kindness and encouragement. He was a middle-aged man, with a fair, full forehead, and a keen dark eye, indicative of a good intellect and much shrewdness. Otherwise, his appearance was not at all prepossessing. A large, red nose, full cheeks, a thick, short neck, and a gross bodily foundation, betrayed a laxity in the observance of penance, fasting and prayer, so closely enjoined in the rituals of the Romish Church.

It so happened this very evening, as Nelly was resting upon the stile, that he came and sat down beside her, and as he laid his hand on her head with a blessing, he told her that he had a weighty matter in his heart, of which he must speak to her very shortly, that night, perhaps, and he wished her to prepare herself by meditation and prayer, to listen to him seriously. He left her, and Nelly took up her bundle and thoughtfully pursued her way homeward, wondering greatly what he could mean.

As she came near her home, she heard her father trolling out an old song, in a very loud voice, and she knew what to expect, for Michael Flynn never sung save when he was tipsy. Whiskey always made him very talkative and good natured. Upon entering, she found him sitting in his old arm chair before the peat fire, with his feet elevated upon the chimney piece. In one hand he held a large mug of whiskey, and in the other a pipe, alternately taking a drink from one and a whiff from the other, and singing at intervals by way of further variety. He was evidently enjoying all the happiness of which he was capable.

“Arrah, darling!” he exclaimed, at the appearance of Nelly, “it’s right glad I am that you’ve come, for I’ve bin having sich a good time all to myself, that I’m well nigh tired of it. Here’s a health to you,” and he took a long draught from the mug.

“Oh, father!” said Nelly, reproachfully, but kindly, “why is it ye must always be in drink?”

“Och, Nelly mavourneen,” he replied, “it’s not in drink that I am, but the drink that’s in me. A bit of fresh wather smelling a little strong of whiskey is all that I’m taking myself to at present. I knew you would be coming, so I put on the paraties to boil, and then sat mesilf down to meditate, and sing a little to dhrive away care.”

Nelly glanced into the kettle over the fire. The water boiled finely, but not a potatoe was to be seen. She went out and dug some, milked Brindle, fed Judy, the pig, spread the table, and then sat down by the fire to await the boiling of the potatoes. Meanwhile, the old man had grown still merrier and more talkative.

“Nelly,” said he, “it’s a heavy secret I have knocking at the door of my heart, and I fear it will spake itself out in spite of me; but his riverance, Father Malone, has tould me to say niver a word about it to ye, ‘for’ says he, ‘unless she hears it in the right way, it will go hard with her, and she niver will consent at all to go to Ameriky with the rest of us.’”

“To America!” exclaimed Nelly, whose attention was now fully aroused.

“Arrah, botheration! How is it that ye’re knowing it, when I’ve niver even tould it to me-silf? It’s the divil tells such things, for he always goes about with open ears, and a ready tongue; but the thafe, there is no truth in him, for as his Riverance says, he was ‘the father of lies from the beginning,’ yet nivertheless, ’tis to Ameriky we are going, every mother’s son of us,

you and I and Father Malone, and all the rish of the lazy beggars, who are good for just nothing else at all."

"Are ye sure it's the truth ye are telling, father?" said Nelly, anxiously. "An' will ye go away to that wild western world and leave your old home, and the blessed earth that rests on the bosom of my dear mother? Will ye go where there's never a soul cares for ye, and lay your old bones to rest in a land of strangers, where the angel of the resurrection will never find ye? Where would ye like most to be when the cold hand of Death is on ye, and its darkness in your eyes? I tell ye the soul of my blessed mother would go wailing up and down in the earth like a wandering banshee, if ye could not make your grave beside her."

"Howld! Howld!" exclaimed the old man, as he sat down his mug — "it's my heart that runs out of my eyes," and he brushed away the tears with his sleeve. "Divil a bit will I go to Ameriky, let Father Malone and Tim Croghan, and Judy O'Mulligan say what they plase. Here's a health to ould Ireland, forever!" and he strengthened his resolution with another draught of whiskey.

"And how is it," asked Nelly, "that Tim Croghan and Judy O'Mulligan, and all the rest of them who never saved a penny in their lives, expect to get to America?"

"Well, now," said the old man, "seeing that ye know all about it, I'll just tell ye. It was only this afternoon, as I sat alone with Tim Croghan, and the rest of the



boys, sunning ourselves in the shade of Teddy O'Fogherty's cabin, and dhrinking now and then a drop of the crayther jist t' kape our spirits up, then along comes Father Malone, and, says he, without spakeing another word, 'I've something to tell ye;' and so ivery one of us, as was able, got up and took off our hats to his riverance."

" 'Sit down,' said he, 'and howld your tongues. You must know that the Lord of the Castle has had a letter from his second cousin in Ameriky, and he says that it is a great counthry, where the sun never sits, the paraties are as big as your head, and you can pick up gowld in the strates. That it is a free counthry, where every man can do as he plases if he pays for his sins and the praist is willing. That the Amerikins are very benivolent, and if a man comes without a shoe to his foot, or a rag to his back, they will howse him and tend him like a new born baby, will give him a plenty to ate and to drink, and clothes to wear; and if he dies he will have dacent burial. And he says, if there are any dirty thaves or beggars, or rascals, or any too lazy to work, they had best come over and help make laws for the counthry, and bring the praists with them, that the Howly Church may be built up among the heretics, and a little leaven will soon leaven the whole lump.' That's just what Father Malone towld us."

" 'Now,' said his riverance, 'the Lord of Kearney is a true son of the Church, who fears God, and serves his Holiness the Pope, and he has promised to pay

down the gowld for ye, if ye choose to go to the new counthry. It's jist I that am going, and if ye know what's good for yourselves ye'll all go with me. God bless ye — amen.' And thin he went his way."

"Tim Croghan, the thafe, could scarce wait for his riverance to spake the last word, when he threw up his old hat that has nayther crown nor rim, and cried out, 'whoora!' and all the rest of the boys set to, a knocking each other down, out of sheer good nature, and Judy O'Mulligan on the strength of it drank a whole bottle of whiskey, and it's lying now dead dhrunk that she is behind Teddy O'Fogherty's cabin. Och, thin, it's a good thing that Ameriky is a great counthry, or there'd be no room for so many dirty thaves and rascals. And, Nelly, mavourneen, when you and I and Father Malone once get there, it's by ourselves that we'll be, and we'll live in peace and contintment, with plenty of pipes and whisky. So here's a health to Ameriky forever!" and he drained the contents of his mug to the bottom.

Poor Nelly said not a word for she saw the matter was already decided. She folded her hands quietly and looked into the fire, while now and then a tear stole gently down her cheek. The potatoes boiled finely, hopping one over another in the kettle, but all thoughts of supper were banished from her mind. Her father fell asleep in his chair, and his loud snoring at length aroused her from her reverie. She had hardly taken up the potatoes and placed them smoking hot

on the table, with the very scanty portion of milk which Brindle had allowed them, when the door opened and Father Malone entered.

“God bless you, my child,” he said, as he laid his hat and staff in one chair and seated himself in another. “Have you not taken your supper yet, Ellen?”

“No, sir,” she replied meekly. “Will it please you to move up and take a bit? It’s but little we have, but sure that little ye are right welcome to.”

With a sigh he turned his eyes towards the table.

“It’s fasting and praying I have been the whole of the day,” he answered, “and perhaps a little nourishment will be good for me.”

“Without waiting for further invitation, he drew his chair to the table, and in a short time every drop of the milk, and most of the potatoes had vanished before him. With another long drawn sigh he patted his hand with much satisfaction upon his broad chest.

“Ellen, my child,” said he, “just pass me a glass of whiskey and water, if you please, that I may be strengthened to tell you what I wish.”

Ellen did as she was desired, and as he took the glass from her hand, it occurred to her for the first time, that he bore a striking resemblance to the great clumsy watch dog at the Castle. She was startled at her own wickedness, and feeling almost as guilty as if she had spoken her thoughts aloud, she made haste to seat herself again by the fire.

After having amply satisfied his carnal nature, Fath-

er Malone placed his chair beside her, and took her hand in his.

“Ellen, my child,” said he, “my heart is drawn toward you with a fatherly affection, and there is nothing I desire so much as your spiritual good. Perhaps your father has told you that we are all about to start for America.”

Nelly silently nodded assent, but her lips quivered so with suppressed emotion, that she dared not trust herself to speak.

“Doubtless,” he continued, “with your strong love of home and country, it will require a great sacrifice of feeling on your part, but it is in this way that God tries the affections of his children. A great work lies before you in America. Are you not willing to do all you can to serve the Church, and build up our holy religion in the midst of heresy and opposition?”

Again Nelly nodded assent.

“Listen, then. You are old enough to understand me, and I have always observed that you were thoughtful beyond your years. A great many of our people have emigrated to this new country, and the number is constantly increasing. Our poor are fed and sheltered, and supported by the Americans;—they help make the laws of the land, and are equal in power with those who are born upon the soil. They are well paid for their labor and are fast spreading themselves abroad all over the country. But our religion is in danger, for the Americans, being a free people, will not only think

as they please themselves, but will lead others to do so. They oppose our faith, they are growing bitter against our people, and they speak irreverently of his Holiness, the Pope. Our children are in the schools, and are taught dangerous heresies; and the Bible, which none but the priests can read aright, is placed in their hands that they may be wholly turned against the truth. The kinsman of the Lord of Kearney has looked well to this and sounded the alarm. He bids us send over more priests, and teachers also, that we may have our own schools, and our children may be brought up in the true faith. Now, my child, your mission is before you. I trust that your blessed mother and I have not labored in vain to give you an education which has raised you so far above the common people around you. You are well qualified to enter upon this work, and you must not hesitate, but go straight-forward to your duty. Thus will you secure for yourself continual favor with the most Holy Mary, mother of God — the full remission of your sins, and at last be welcomed by all the saints in glory to a life of eternal blessedness and joy. What do you say to all this? ”

Father Malone, aside from his animal passions and grossness, was a man of no mean intellectual attainments. Added to this, was a natural shrewdness which looked deep into human nature, and could calculate effects long before the acting cause was set in motion. He understood well the girl's truthful nature, and he

spoke wisely when he appealed to her feelings in the name of reason and religion. As he proceeded, she had become more and more earnest and interested; her hand tightened its clasp, and her large dark eyes were fixed intently upon him.

“May God forgive me!” she exclaimed, as he ended, “that ever I spoke aught against it. It’s but little I can do, but sure I am ready to lay down my life for the truth.”

“God bless you!” said Father Malone, as he encircled her with his arm. “I knew you had a true warm heart, my child, and that you would not disappoint me.”

The poor girl shuddered. She knew not what spirit of evil it was, that just then reminded her again, so strongly, of the likeness his reverence bore to the great dog at the Castle. Indeed, she could not help it. She instinctively withdrew herself from his embrace, and as her father at the same moment awakened and began to bestir himself, she turned her attention to the fire, and went out to get more fuel. Father Malone, for the sake of friendship, took a few glasses of whiskey with the old man and then departed.



## CHAPTER II.

It was a clear, bright morning in October, when the emigrant ship, *New World* — Capt. Seymour — set sail from Cork. Never, at wake or wassail, was a greater clamor raised than at this parting of near and dear friends. The old and the young were there — the halt, the maimed and the blind — the poor, the miserably poor, and the utterly destitute; sent out from their own country to gain a scanty subsistence by beggary, or theft, in a land of strangers. Lamentations, poured forth in all the native eloquence of that rude brogue, sometimes expressed in the most touching and poetic language, were accompanied by tears and embraces, and the drinking of whiskey, which served to palliate the effects of excessive grief. And, at last, when the anchor was weighed, and the ship was gliding swiftly through the blue waters, old hats and handkerchiefs, and garments of every description, were displayed by the group of miserable beings upon the deck, as the last parting sign of affection. Highly conspicuous among these tokens were Tim Croghan's striped jacket and the red blanket of Judy O'Mullighan, which were not withdrawn till the freshening breeze reminded the owners that these articles of apparel would add much to the comfort of their persons.

Nelly Flynn, with a pale face and eyes swollen with weeping, sat apart from the others upon a little trunk

which contained all her earthly possessions. Her father, entirely exhausted by the active part he had taken in the farewell scene, to which also was added the effects of whiskey, had thrown himself down upon a coil of ropes where he lay fast asleep.

As far as possible, Father Malone had obeyed the Scripture injunction, "comfort ye my people;" and in so doing, he had been mindful that he also was a sufferer, and he administered solid consolation to himself in the shape of bread and potatoes, and a generous allowance of whiskey; after which he seated himself beside Nelly to strengthen her with spiritual truths and promises of a happy future. But it was not long before his inner man was greatly disturbed; for nature, without respect to persons, had commenced the initiatory process of a sea-faring life, and he was urged to a hasty surrender of the creature comforts with which he had refreshed himself. The complaint soon became general, and poor Nelly was fast yielding to the unpleasant sensation, when a loud outcry from her father called her to his side.

"Och, murther!" he exclaimed, "it's dying I am! Howld on to me, for it's naythur up nor down I can go, but both ways at once. Jist stop if ye plase, and take me back to ould Ireland, and I'll niver set foot upon the sac again till the day of my death and afther!"

The poor old man was extended upon the deck, his face pale as ashes, and the perspiration which fear had called forth, standing in great drops upon his forehead.

All were too busy with their own troubles, to render assistance to their friends, and therefore Nelly was left alone to care for her father. As she knelt beside him a sense of her loneliness came over her, and she burst into tears.

A hand was laid gently on her shoulder.

“Can I do anything for you, my poor girl?” said a pleasant female voice.

Nelly looked up in astonishment and beheld a tall lady with very beautiful eyes and a lovely countenance, bending over her. She knew in a moment it must be Mrs. Seymour, the Captain’s lady, who usually accompanied him, and the first glance assured her that she might rely upon her goodness.

“Thank you, ma’am,” replied Nelly, “it’s a bit lonely, and frightened, and sick that I am, and if ye’ll just please tell me what to do, I’ll take it right kindly of you.”

“Frank,” said the lady to the first mate, who was standing near, “can’t you order up a mattress for the poor old man?”

The young man, thus addressed, turned carelessly round.

“Aunt Mary,” he replied, “I am afraid you will find it a poor place to care for one among so many.” But as he spoke, a glance at Nelly’s anxious face, and her “please sir, won’t ye?” — uttered so meekly, — quite changed his mind, and the mattress was brought.

“He is rather old to leave his country, I should

think, and hardly able to bear the fatigue of a sea voyage," said Mrs. Seymour, kindly.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Nelly, "his health is very poor, and he has had several ill turns of late. What with sea sickness and home sickness, I fear it will go hard with him, and sure I don't know what will become of me if he dies," and again the tears stole down her cheeks.

"Never fear, my good girl, but keep up a cheerful heart," said the kind lady. "You may always be sure of a friend while I am able to help you;" and the very manner in which she spoke these simple words, did more towards comforting the heart of the lonely girl, than all the prayers which Father Malone could offer for her.

In a few days, Michael Flynn was enabled to get about once more among his former companions; but it was evident that his heart was in old Ireland. He entirely lost his appetite; and even whiskey, that matchless sanative for all his ills — in this instance failed to cheer him. His old friend, Tim Croghan, had relapsed into a moody silence, and Judy O'Mullighan, who had always been the life of a good time, wrapped herself in her blanket and took possession of a corner, from whence she succeeded in being as unapproachable as a porcupine.

Scarce a week had elapsed, when the ship fever broke out among the miserable beings, and many of the poor sufferers, crossed over the Jordan of death into a:

new country, where there was "bread enough and to spare." Among the first of these victims was Michael Flynn.

"Och, Nelly, mavourneen!" said the old man in a feeble voice, as he lay upon his mattress on the deck, one pleasant evening — "it's the day of my death that's come, and I'll jist be afther spaking a few words to Father Malone, that I may die with a clane breast."

Mr. Ellison, the first mate, who through his relative, the Captain's lady, had become greatly interested in the old man and his daughter, went to summon the priest. He found him rolled in his blanket and snugly stowed away in his berth, from which he refused to rise under any considerations, declaring that his health and safety depended upon keeping entirely apart from those infected by disease, and that it was by no means his duty to throw away the life which God had given him.

With this uncourteous refusal, the kind-hearted man returned to the sufferer.

"Och, thin, it's like a haythen I must die," murmured the old man. "May the Lord have mercy on my soul!"

"Can't ye pray for him, Mr. Ellison? Won't ye?" said Nelly, as she looked up in his face with an expression of unutterable anguish.

Without a moment's hesitation, he removed his hat, and kneeling upon the deck, he poured forth a prayer such as could come only from an earnest and a feel-

ing heart. At the sound of his voice, the Captain and his lady, and many of the sailors gathered around, all of whom were affected to tears by the prayer which was offered in so much sincerity of feeling.

“God bless ye!” exclaimed the old man as he ended; “A dale asier can I die for that. It’s very kind to me ye’ve all bin, and if ye’ll jist be afther spaking a kind word to Nelly now and thin, when I am gone, my heart will be at rest within me.”

With his last remaining strength he raised himself, and leaning upon Nelly’s shoulder, looked far out where the feathery foam curled in the white wake of the ship. Beyond, lay the home of his childhood, where his heart turned back with its last fond memories.

“I shall niver see ye, again, dear old Ireland,” he murmured, and with one long, expiring sigh, he sank back lifeless upon his pillow. Poor Nelly fainted on the deck, and was borne away by the sailors to the state room of Mrs. Seymour.

Before morning, the body of Michael Flynn was committed to the great deep, while Nelly lay upon her couch below, tossing in the delirium of a fever. Under constant watching, and the best of care, however, she soon began to recover. As Mrs. Seymour conversed with her daily, she became more and more astonished at her refinement and intelligence. She inquired concerning her past history, and what she intended to do on reaching America. Nelly, in the simplicity and innocence of her heart, told her all, even to



the plans which Father Malone had laid of her becoming a teacher, and uniting her feeble influence with that of many others, to aid in the advancement of the Catholic faith in America. The lady listened with eager interest to this, and then called in her husband and nephew that they might hear it repeated by Nelly's own lips.

"Did I not tell you so?" said Mrs. Seymour to her husband. "I wonder how long it will be before our people can be made to see this secret influence which is creeping in so silently, and endangering the liberty of our country and its free institutions."

Captain Seymour was a thoughtful man, and a true patriot. From the first, he had been greatly interested in this poor orphan girl, and now he felt that he had a very important reason for being so.

"Nelly," he said, after a few moments silence, "I have no one save my wife and myself in the wide world to care for. Now, if you would like to become as a daughter to me, I will do all I can for you; and if, when we arrive in America, you still have a desire to teach, I will help you to do so. But, Nelly," he added, with a look full of meaning, "there are many things I want you to learn first."

"Sure, sir!" she replied, while her face flushed with emotion, "It's much too kind you are to me; but if ye wish, I will do all I can to serve you in my poor way, and will carry an open heart to learn all you can teach me."

That night they all united in the family services. The Captain read a chapter in the Bible, and the young man prayed. As the time passed on, Mrs. Seymour lost no opportunity of instructing Nelly in the truths of the Gospel, concerning which she had so long been kept in ignorance, and as she won more and more of her confidence, she put into her hands, books exposing the iniquities and abominations of the Romish Church. At first the poor girl trembled and dared not trust her own judgment, but by degrees she gained courage, and at length entered into an examination of the subject with eager interest. The result was all that her friends could have wished, and while Father Malone slumbered comfortably in his berth, or regaled himself upon biscuit and cheese, he had lost the most efficient instrument with which he had intended to prosecute his labors in America.

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### CHAPTER III.

After a long and tedious passage, the New World at length cast anchor in Boston harbor. It was just at the dawning of day, and the stars had hardly begun to grow dim in the sky, but even at that early hour the whole party of emigrants, young and old, were upon the deck, with their rags fluttering in the wind, anxiously straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of the land of promise. Father Malone had also arisen, and

after dressing himself with unusual care, he tapped gently at the door of Mrs. Seymour's room, and desired to speak with Nelly alone, a few moments." His request was granted. As Mrs. Seymour left the room, he entered, and found Nelly sitting by the centre table, above which hung a lamp, whose mild light as it shone upon her pale sweet face, gave her a look of angelic loveliness. He took her most cordially by the hand, and seated himself beside her.

"Ellen, my child," said he, "it has been a long time since we met last, but I thank God that the prayers which I have daily offered for you, have found acceptance, and that you have been preserved from sickness and all the dangers of the deep. Now, if there is aught that lies heavy on your soul; if there is any secret sin of which you have need to repent, speak it forth freely, that you may receive a full pardon, and the blessing of God may rest upon you in the commencement of your enterprise."

Nelly's face grew much paler, but she fixed her eyes upon his countenance with a steady, earnest gaze, in which her whole soul was revealed.

"Father Malone," she replied, "I have no confession to make."

He shook his head doubtfully.

"I fear, my child," he said, "that you are in an error, and in the secrets of your heart your carnal nature yet cherishes some sin which it is loth to bring to the light. Look well to your soul, lest in your hard-

ness of heart, God should remove himself far from you."

"God has been very near me of late," said Nelly, with a tearful eye.

"Ah, yes! my child. He has seen fit to afflict you, and in my soul I suffered much for your sake, praying night and day that it might be sanctified unto you for your spiritual good."

"And indeed it has," she replied, "for a light has beamed in upon my darkened soul, which otherwise I should never have seen. Now I place all my confidence in God and my Saviour, and I make known the secrets of my heart only to them, for I know now that no man on earth hath power to forgive sins, and there is only one Mediator between God and man — the man Christ Jesus."

Father Malone's eyes opened wide with astonishment. "Where," he asked, with much severity, "have you learned such speech as this?"

"Here," said Nelly, as she laid her hand gently on the family Bible. "Since this was first placed in my hands I have studied its pages day and night, and I have not feared to do so, for there I found the words of Jesus, saying, 'Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me.'"

It was almost impossible for Father Malone to control himself. He laid his hand with a firm grasp on her arm, and looked her steadily in the face. "Who

has led you into this damnable heresy?" he asked in a suppressed tone.

"If you mean to ask," replied Nelly, "who have taught me these truths, I will say, I learned them from those who comforted me in affliction, when all other friends failed me."

"Yes?" he added, "and have almost wrought your eternal ruin. Ellen Flynn, I doubt that all the penance, and fasting, and prayer which I must offer for your sake, will be sufficient to save your soul from the consequence of this fearful sin. Perhaps, even now, the spirit of your departed father is suffering indescribable torments in the fires of purgatory, because of your transgression. Repent then, before it is too late, for it may be that pardon can yet be secured by humiliation and prayer, and a renewed consecration of all your powers to the service of our most holy Catholic Church."

"I no longer believe in the holiness of that Church," said Nelly, "for here," she continued, as she laid her hand on the books she had perused carefully, "I have read the history of all its abominations, and my heart is wholly turned against it."

"What!" exclaimed Father Malone, as he sprang to his feet in an ungovernable rage, "shall one of the anointed priests of that Church be told to his face that it is an abomination, and that too by a weak, ignorant female! Never shall such words be spoken in my presence lightly!" and he shook her so violently by the arm that she uttered an exclamation of terror.

In an instant the door was thrown open, and Captain Seymour, with his wife, and Mr. Ellison made their appearance.

“Stand back,” said the Captain calmly, but in a tone of authority. “I have taken this young woman under my special protection, and as far as possible I shall guard her against all things which may serve to disturb her peace.”

“Not so;” replied Father Malone angrily. “She is mine. I claim her in the name of the Holy Church to which she belongs, and from which you, sir, by calumny and lies, have endeavored to seduce her.”

“And I,” said Frank Ellison, as he stepped forward and laid his hand on her shoulder, claim her by virtue of the promise which she has made me to become mine until death shall part us. Therefore I stand here, sir, as her chosen protector, and wo be to the man who shall dare lay his hand rudely upon her.”

Father Malone was stupefied with amazement. He saw that he held a very disadvantageous position, and that prudence demanded a retreat, but how it could be done honorably was not quite so clear.

“Sir;” said the Captain, after a few moments of awkward silence, I think it would greatly relieve your embarrassment should you leave the room, and we shall most certainly be obliged to you if you will relieve us of your presence.”

Father Malone was very much confused. He made a most ludicrous attempt to smile — hummed a few



notes of the "Dies Irae," and then walked out of the room, looking extremely foolish.

That night several strangers came on board and there was a bridal in the cabin, which made Nelly Flynn the happy wife of Frank Ellison.

After the lapse of something more than a week, the *New World* was brought to the wharf, and the ragged representatives of the Romish Church, the future law-givers of America were landed in the *El Dorado* of their hopes, homeless and friendless, to beg, or starve, or steal, or earn their living by honest industry, as the case might be. Father Malone, their spiritual head, very prudently separated himself from their company, and went no one knew whither. He has been heard from but once since, and then he was passing several of the summer months at a fashionable resort on Deer Island, where doubtless he had the pleasure of renewing his acquaintance with several of his scattered flock, and enjoying with them all the delights, which the place, with its numerous facilities, affords.

## THE AMERICAN IDEA.\*

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BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

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BUT, fellow-citizens, the great Revolution which was consummated by that armed array, and by that act of Declaration, was not the product of twenty years or of twenty centuries, of mere outward historical transactions. Events are only the shells of ideas; and often it is the fluent thought of ages that is crystalized in a moment by the stroke of a pen or the point of a bayonet. In the minds and hearts of those Revolutionary heroes — in the deep current of those Revolutionary events — there worked an idea, not new by any means; but still, for reasons which I shall give, I call it the AMERICAN IDEA. It had its sanction, and its first, clear, consistent utterance, as I believe, in the oracles of Christianity. It found a sanctuary in the breasts of its early saints and martyrs. It passed out in the world and struck the chord of political action as it blended with the spirit of Teutonic independence. It flourished

\* Extract from an oration delivered in the New York Crystal Palace, July 4, 1854.

well in England, and found utterance in Parliament and from Tower-Hill. The cavalier bore it in his haughty consciousness to his new home in Virginia. The Hollander accepted it in his sturdy Republicanism. The Puritan brought it in the May-flower, and planted it on Plymouth Rock. Indicated now and then by some isolated enterprise or sharp event, its influence was silently engendered in a people's history, until at length its latent electricity broke out in one quick blaze from line to line, in one long roll of drums, from Lexington to Yorktown. I find that Idea at the core of all Democracy; I find it at the heart of our national organism; and without it Democracy would be only a name, and our nationality illegitimate. That idea, fellow citizens, is *the spiritual worth of every man!*

That I may not seem to be presenting you with a bit of transcendental philosophy instead of historical fact, let me call your attention to the manner in which this Idea of the worth of the individual, the spiritual dignity of man, was expressed in the course of the Revolutionary struggle. The prevalence of any great conception is more strikingly manifest in the general flow and tone of a people's thought than in any specific utterance. We see, then, that it has descended from the region of abstract speculation, and become a recognized and practical fact. I find the spirit of this Idea prevalent, I would say then, in the first place, as I turn over the pages of the thinkers and writers of that period. In doing so, my eyes rest upon the satisfac-

tion with which Benjamin Franklin, in one of his letters, states that "It is a common observation here (in Europe) that our cause is the cause of *all mankind*, and that we are fighting for their liberty in defending our own. It is a glorious task," says he, "that is assigned us by Providence." I detect the same thought in the words of Alexander Hamilton: "All men," says he, "have one common original; they participate in one common nature, and consequently have one common right. No reason can be assigned why one man should exercise any pre-eminence over his fellow-creatures, unless they have voluntarily vested him with it. No man in his senses can hesitate in choosing to be free rather than a slave." This is the key-note in the following language of Jefferson: "These are our grievances, which we have thus laid before his Majesty with that freedom of language and sentiment which becomes a free people, claiming their rights as *derived from the laws of nature*, and not as the gift of the Chief Magistrate. Let those flatter who fear; it is not an American art. They know, and will therefore say, that kings are the servants, not the proprietors of the people. If our winds and waters should not combine to rescue their shores from slavery, and Gen. Howe's reinforcement should arrive in safety, we have hopes he will be inspired to come to Boston and take another drubbing; and we must drub him soundly before the sceptered tyrant will learn we are not mere brutes to crouch under his hands, as the kind rod with which he designs

to scourge us." And still again, the same Idea, as we might well expect, finds expression in the words of Washington, addressed to Bryan Fairfax: "What is it," says he, "what it is we are contending against? Is it against paying the duty of three pence per pound on tea, because burdensome? No, it is the right only that we have all along disputed. \* \* \* If I were in any doubt as to the right which the Parliament of Great Britain had to tax us without our consent, I should most heartily coincide with you in opinion that to petition, and petition only, is the proper method to apply for relief; because we should then be asking a favor, and not claiming a right, which *by the law of nature*, and by our constitution, we are, in my opinion indubitably entitled to. I should even think it criminal to go further than this, under such an idea; but I have none such. I think the Parliament of Great Britain have no more right to put their hands into my pocket, without my consent, than I have to put my hands into yours." How refreshing these strong, bold words are — words that mean something — words that come pouring down from those heights of patriotism upon our mean politics and our shifty statesmanship, like a cataract. This was the Idea of the Revolution as expressed in its deepest thought. And it must be recollected that it was an *Idea* which first roused our forefathers to action — not a material acquisition. Resistance for the sake of a principle, in the minds of most of them, at least, preceded the notion of actual

separation from Great Britain and of National Independence. And that which was a pervading conception in the thought and the writing of the time, was manifest in the very character and lives of the men of the Revolution. The men of the Revolution! those who left the standing corn and the plow mid-furrow, and seized the weapons with which they had fought against Montcalm and Pontiac, to battle for the cause of freedom. Men of elastic muscle, and dauntless bearing, and mother-wit. As they rise up before us, nothing strikes us more impressively than their individualism and their sense of personal independence. These traits had been fostered by every circumstance of early education and of local position. Their religion threw them upon the basis of personal conscience, their politics had been trained in town meeting, and in the field they "fought on their own hook." It was the man of this class whose "ruling passion," as Bancroft says, "was to be a freeholder," and who "coveted the enjoyment of perfect personal freedom in the companionship of nature." The authority of royal mandates, the terrors of border warfare, could not shut him out from the wilderness, and from that life of adventure in which self-consciousness and self-reliance are specially developed. In the primeval forest he learned great first principles and a contempt of mere conventionalities; while the march of individual enterprise and achievement was proclaimed, in the sound of his axe and the crack of his rifle, from the woods of Penobscot



to the valley of the Mississippi. Such, then, were the pervading thoughts and such were the living men of the period of the Revolution. Therefore we are not surprised that at length this Idea of personal worth, of individual freedom, culminated and blazed in that bold, distinct sentence which this day has been read in your ears: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights." Nor do we wonder that this Idea triumphed, as it did, in the result of the Revolution.

I call it "The American Idea," and yet I have said it is no new idea. I call it the "The American Idea" in the same sense as that in which I call the reaping-machine, or the cotton-gin an American idea; meaning thereby not only a principle, but a principle embodied and working to the best results. If you look around in this Crystal Palace and select the most modern or original invention you can find, you may trace in it, filaments of thoughts that are older than the pyramids; and, perhaps, some working principle that was known to Tubal Cain. Yet you will accord the honors of invention to whomsoever has disentangled a great idea, and embodied it in a more efficient form, or has so adjusted a working-principle as to make it produce its best results. Now liberty itself is an old fact. It has had its heroes and its martyrs in almost every age. As I look back through the vista of centuries, I can see no end of the ranks of those who have toiled and

suffered in its cause, and who wear upon their breasts its stars of the Legion of Honor. There was Grecian Liberty, and there was Roman Liberty — Grecian and Roman Republicanism. And certainly there was a *frame-work* of Liberty. But everybody knows that ancient freedom was not like our modern, not like our American freedom. It was a freedom of cities; not of huge masses and territories. It was the freedom of the citizen rather than of the individual. Then Christianity came into the world, and introduced that grand *working principle* of liberty which I have just enunciated — the doctrine of individual, spiritual worth — which runs beyond the barriers of race, and finds a deeper foundation than the standards of ethnology. I do not mean, then, that the American Idea is original, either as presenting the first form of organized liberty, or as an abstract working principle. Nor is it so merely as the combination of that principle with an organized form. To say nothing of others, we owe a great deal to England, and let us never grudge the confession. Let us be thankful for so many of our fibres that have grown out of its heart of oak, and for so many of our household associations which were cradled within its sea-beaten walls. Land of Shakspeare and of Milton, whose inspirations make a flood of common thought; in the reservoir of its constitution we willingly recognize, also, head-springs of our common freedom. It was natural that we should spurn the hand that oppressed us — it was quite a *family trait*. It was

legitimate blood that mounted to cheek and eye when the statutes of King George were melted into bullets and tea-boxes floated in Boston harbor. They were ancestral tones that mingled in the battle-shouts under the smoky veils of Saratoga and Monmouth. When we think of Morgan's riflemen and Stark's Green Mountain Boys, we readily think, also, of Cromwell's Ironsides; and we are willing that Elliott, and Pym, and Russell, and Hampden, and Sydney, should stand in illustrious companionship with the great men who signed our Charter and bled upon our fields.

But, fellow-citizens, it is the man who makes the *best* application of a working-principle who is entitled to the honors of invention. And our claim is that we have made a better application of the great working-principle of Liberty than England has. In order to do this, we had a new, broad field, clear of all feudal rubbish. We had the advantage of experience. We had the best results of the old civilization to incorporate in the new. The ripest seeds of European freedom, shaken by the hand of oppression and wafted by the winds of persecution, were borne to these shores, and furnished material. And so, in constructing a new national system, we gave more prominence to this principle of individual worth and right. As has been well observed, "we incline less to the *historical* element than the English do, and more to the *abstract*. We conceive of the rights of the citizen more as *attributes of his humanity*." Now, fellow-citizens, into the great Crystal

Palace of History, whose contributions consists of facts and principles, I bring this machine of ours — I bring it into the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, as patented by John Hancock and the under-signed, stamped with thirteen stars, bearing date 1776; and I claim for it the title of "THE AMERICAN IDEA." Here it stands, and in this great arena of History it will stand, in the front rank, and forever.

But to justify this claim, we must not merely describe the machine, but see what it produces. I mean, what it ought to produce — what it was meant to produce — what it inevitably *will* produce, when it is in good working order. Or, to drop the metaphor which this place so naturally suggests, let us proceed to consider what grows legitimately *out* of the American Idea.

In the first place, then, it is evident that out of it grow the best forms of *personal freedom, culture and power*. One of these is universality of political privileges — the possession by every man of the sacred rights of citizenship, not because of the height of his station, or the weight of his purse, but by virtue of his intrinsic manhood. For, according to this idea, the mechanism of the State is not merely for classes, or for property, but for the great interests of the whole and the true interests of the individual. That which weighs in one man's hand just as much as in another's; which concentrates the humblest expression of opinion, and makes it felt in Cabinets and Senates, is the *Bal-*

*lot*— which is especially a symbol of the American Idea, because that Idea alone requires it to be universal. And another result of this fundamental system is *Public Education*; the duty of the State not to enforce but to provide knowledge for all — to scatter the seeds of truth even more solicitously than it crushes the fruits of crime; and to open to the poorest the domain of thought and the possibilities of honor and virtue. The American Idea is embodied in the Public School, and it will be a dark day when the sentiment of the American people sets against it, or the hand of jealous bigotry is permitted to strike it from the catalogue of our possessions. And still another result of this great principle is *Freedom of Conscience*, and all that pertains thereto — freedom to worship God in solitude or in crowds, by liturgies, or with silence — freedom of thinking — freedom of speech: a freedom, let me say, that is violated by ignorant denunciation as much as by the wheels of the Inquisition; violated by calumny as cruelly as by the stake.

I am well aware, fellow-citizens, that this is a recapitulation of very familiar things — and you ought to thank God that they are familiar; but I am desirous that you should see clearly that this idea of the worth and right of the individual man lies at the core of them all, and, therefore, when this idea is dishonored upon any one point, the entire organism of our national privileges is stricken with heart disease.

I may say, however, that all these specific instances

are involved in the general statement that the American idea provides for the free *action and development of every man*. In the very personality of a man, it respects that "image and superscription" of God which distinguishes him from all other beings; respects his right — unless convicted of aggression against the common right — to free circulation in the currency of the universe with his own limbs, mind and soul. O, it was worth years of revolution, with all the suffering and the blood; worth your precious heart-drops, O, martyrs of Lexington; worth your cold and hunger, O, soldiers of Valley Forge; worth your prayers, O, Washington, when gloomy clouds hung round the tents of our Israel; it was worth all this to vindicate and achieve the great fact that a man is priceless; and that poised on the axis of personal responsibility — limited by nothing but the curve of moral law — he belongs only to God. It was worth all the cost and struggle to consummate a system in which, primarily, the man does not exist for the sake of the State but the State for the sake of the man.



# THE DUTIES OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

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BY A. D. CHALONER, M. D. — LATE U. S. A.

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AT no period of our country's history, has there been a greater necessity for the influence of the women of America to be exerted than the present.

Fanaticism in its protean forms, has lead astray many from the true simplicity, which distinguished the men and women of the Revolution, when we looked to ourselves, and the means of exciting and keeping alive those feelings which nerved the men of Bunker Hill, and supported Marion and his gallant band in the "Sunny South."

Now our fair countrywomen read only French novels, and discourse learnedly on the latest fashions from "dear Paris," and leave politics to their husbands and male relatives.

Some few join in the cry for "Woman's Rights," while they are lamentably ignorant of the duties of wife and mother.

We are not of the number who desire to make woman a mere machine, or household drudge. The

Creator has endowed her with many and rare faculties, and placed her beside man to be his adviser here; — to aid him with her single heartedness, to refine and purify for a holier and a happier state, the rough and sterner sex.

A wife can by her judicious conduct, elevate her husband — a sister's influence save a brother, and make pleasant the declining days of her aged father.

In the earlier struggles of our country, to throw off the galling yoke of foreign oppression, the women of the Revolution stand forth like stars in the firmament. Look at the words on a monumental slab in "Old Dominion" — To "Mary, the mother of Washington!"

What emotions at once arise? — the history of that mother and her parental influence and care, in after times, resulted in the formation of a mind, who in all the relations of life, justified the remark of this estimable matron, when Lafayette congratulated her, in Washington's elevation to the Presidency, that "George was always a good son!"

Upon the women of America, there is a great responsibility, — their fathers, husbands and brothers, throwing aside mere party ties and alliances, are rallying to the rescue of our beloved country from the thralldom of "party," which, for the sake of office and its spoils, would sell our birth-rights to foreigners for a "mess of pottage," and inflict upon us the blighting curse of political sectarianism.

The common schools are threatened by designing

hands, who seek to control the minds of American children, to remove the Bible from the schools, and by ostentatious parade of sisters of charity — to lead away Americans from their secret ends, the control of our native land and her institutions.

Women of America, are you prepared to submit your inmost thoughts to the confessional? Are you ready to act as the spy upon your relatives and friends, and believe all “out of the Faith,” lost forever, and shut out from Heaven itself by the dictation of a ghostly adviser?

We seek not to thrust you into the stormy arena of politics, or conventions, but we wish you to act as mothers and daughters of America — teach the young to look at the men who framed our Constitution and Declaration of Independence — read to them the lives of our patriot sires; — tell them that the women of America, in “times gone by,” refused to drink taxed tea, and wore linsey woolsey garments in place of foreign garbs.

Tell the young, over whom you have influence, that the man who loves party and foreign votes better than America and her institutions, is not worthy of your countenance and thought, still less to be the husband and protector of a daughter of America. Read and study well our country's history, and recollect that “Foreign chimes do not sound so well in Liberty's Bell!”

In no country have women more influence than in

our own. Now, while we write, and old Europe is engaged in wars for the "balance of power," we are engaged in rallying to the defence of the rights of American born, against the "insidious wiles of foreign influence."

Napoleon, the conquerer of the old world, dreaded the pen and influence of one talented woman in the literary world, more than the thunder of the artillery of his foes; and when for the sake of ambition he deserted Josephine for the Austrian, the star of his greatness sank forever!

"Land of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,

Thou hast a name that darkens all our history's wide page!  
 Let all the blasts of fame ring out — thine shall be loudest far;  
 Let others boast their satellites — thou hast the planet star!  
 Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;  
 'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain and warms the coldest heart;

A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won!

Land of the West! it stands alone — it is thy Washington!"

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF MISS JANE M'CREA.

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BY C. R. A.

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THE following lines were suggested by visiting the spot of the murder of Miss Jane M'Crea, near Fort Edward, N, Y., which occurred during our revolutionary struggle, in July, 1777. This young lady was betrothed to Captain David Jones, of the British army, who sent a party of Indians to escort her to his quarters.

Greatly against the wishes of her friends, she placed herself under the care of this treacherous escort, and the party set forward, with Miss M'Crea on horseback, and proceeded about half a mile from Fort Edward, and then halted at a spring, upon the side of a hill, to drink. Her anxious lover, in the mean time, had dispatched a second party of Indians on the same errand. Unfortunately the parties met at the spring, and a collision ensued; in order to obtain the promised reward, which is said to have been a barrel of rum. During the fight, both parties were attacked by the whites, and at the close of the conflict, the young lady was found tomahawked, scalped, and tied to a pine tree near the

spring. Tradition reports that the scalp was taken and carried by one of the Indians to the wretched lover, who afterwards lost his reason, and died broken-hearted. There still remains a portion of the trunk of the pine tree, but it is rapidly diminishing, as each traveller, who visits the spot, takes a piece as a memorial of the tragic scene once enacted beneath its branches.

Here, by this bright and never fading spring,  
 Still pouring its pure waters as of yore ;  
 Where the gray eagle spreads no more his wing,  
 The war-song and the war-whoop sound no more —  
 Beside the trunk of this primeval pine,  
 Whose branches sheltered long ago this spot,  
 Where grew the wild flower and the running vine,  
 Twining sweet garlands for the forest grot,  
 I stop to ponder and to muse alone —  
 Sad are the thoughts which rise within the mind,  
 Sad recollections of the years long gone,  
 Are here with every stirring leaf entwined.

Soft sleeps the moonlight on the misty hill,  
 The shadows linger in the slumbering vale,  
 While far beyond the mountains, gleaming still,  
 The fading flambeaus of the twilight trail.  
 Sweetly the solemn harps of the dim woods,  
 Touched by the invisible fingers of the winds,  
 Breathe forth sweet music — while the sun oft floods  
 The mountain cliffs, and with its glory binds,



In golden wreaths, each crag and lifting peak,  
 Gleaming around the solitary tree,  
 That spreads its branches on the hill top bleak,  
 The steadfast sentinel of a century.

Star after star is born amid the skies,  
 The mists lifts lightly on the distant hills,  
 Summer is breathing her sweet symphonies,  
 All nature with her inspiration thrills.  
 Was it on such a peaceful night, I ween,  
 That the doomed heroine, whose tale I sing,  
 With trembling heart looked forth upon the scene,  
 Beneath this tree -- beside this welling spring --  
 With love's inspiring rapture in her soul,  
 Yearning with all its depth and deathless power --  
 Beyond the strength of pleading prayer's control,--  
 The fear of death -- all perils of the hour?

Vain is the question -- we may never know --  
 All scenes to her were merged in that one thought,  
 Which linked two trusting hearts for weal or wo --  
 Two loving souls into one being wrought.  
 The world without was merged with that within --  
 'Twas love's electric power that won her soul --  
 Earth had no more for her to lose or win,  
 She was a captive to its sweet control.  
 The night with all its perils had no fears --  
 One prayer -- one deathless joy -- one yearning thought  
 Born of true love -- nurtured in hope's sweet tears,  
 Were through her soul undyingly inwrought.

The tawny savage listened at the door,  
 As Jane's loved mother counselled her to stay :  
 " Oh ! go not daughter — we may nevermore  
 See thy sweet face — oh ! go not *thus* away ! "   
 But all in vain — she started with her guide,  
 Well mounted on her steed, leaving behind  
 All that she worshipped in her childhood's pride.  
 Tears filled her eyes — sighs mingled with the wind,  
 As the last sad adieu to all was given ;  
 But hope survived — love gave redoubled strength,  
 Her trust reposed on him she loved and Heaven,  
 And tears and sighs and sorrows ceased at length.

As the sweet vision of the coming meeting  
 Rose in her mind, and banished all her fears,  
 The embrace, the kiss of love, the rapturous greeting,  
 Which was to be baptised in Joy's delicious tears,  
 Drove every care away — resolved each thought  
 Into one deathless hope, which in her heart,  
 By love's sweet inspiration was inwrought,  
 Binding her soul to his, no more to part.  
 But ah ! fair girl, thy visions now must close,  
 Here, by this spring, beneath this wasting tree,  
 Her Indian party halted to repose,  
 And drink the waters gushing fresh and free.

But to my tale — in yon sweet vale below,  
 Still stands the childhood-home of Jane M'Crea,  
 And near it still the Hudson's waters flow,

Like a broad belt of silver to the sea.  
 Sweet Jane, true-hearted, loving and the loved,  
 Spent her young girlhood by its pebbly shore,  
 Gathering its keepsake-shells as there she roved,  
 For loved remembrances when there no more —  
 Wandering by stream and valley, o'er the hill,  
 Treading with step elastic as the roe ;  
 Gathering the green flags, as with graceful skill,  
 Along the stream, she plied the light canoe.

As years rolled on, the din of war was heard,  
 The rattling drum and fife — the soldier's tread —  
 Drowned the sweet morning carol of each bird,  
 As to the forest depths it frightened fled.  
 The dark eyed stranger came, her father's guest ; —  
 He smiled with love — her guileless heart was won —  
 And to his bosom fondly was she prest,  
 While rang the war-whoop and the booming gun.  
 Brief was his stay, and soon the parting came,  
 Sad was the hour, and bitter were the tears ;  
 And brighter burnt within love's sacred flame,  
 And wildly throbbed her heart with hopes and fears.

As the last echo of his footsteps fell  
 Upon her listening ear, and he was gone —  
 Within her heart still echoed the farewell,  
 Which for a moment turned it into stone.  
 She strained her eager eye — she bent her ear,  
 And in an agony of silence listened still,

But not an echoing footstep could she hear,  
No shadowy form could see upon the hill.  
Long, long she stood and gazed in silence there,  
Upon the forest and the midnight sky,  
Still as a marble statue of despair,  
While sorrow's tears seemed frozen in her eye.

But gazing, hoping, praying, could not bring  
Unto her heart that worshipped form again,  
Although she watched till birds upon the wing  
Began to sing the day light's sweet refrain.  
Days fled — at last the wished for mission came ;  
An Indian guide was sent by her betrothed,  
One who had hunted the wild forest game,  
And knew the paths that led to him she loved.  
He came with others of his savage tribe,  
To guide the maiden through the tangled wild  
To him, who waiting for his coming bride,  
Impatiently the weary hours beguiled.

Meanwhile another rival tribe here sought,  
The maiden, with intent the bribe to gain —  
They met in hatred, and with madness fought,  
Till many were the wounded and the slain.  
Wild rose the war-whoops, and the tomahawks gleamed ;  
On death-wings, swift the Indian arrows flew,  
While blood and brains along the pathway streamed,  
Flecking the leaves, moist with the evening dew.  
Amid this awful carnage, one fierce chief,

Rushed to the spot where, horror-struck, aghast,  
 Sat Jane, a frozen statue in her grief,  
 All hope of succor then forever past.

Upraised his bloody hand, with one fell blow,  
 The murderous blade was buried in her brain —  
 One maddening shriek, and one convulsive thro'c,  
 Was heard, and seen, as the fair girl was slain.  
 Then the fierce demon, while his victim breathed,  
 Seized his broad knife and scalped her lovely head,  
 And as her dappled locks his hand enwreathed,  
 Away exulting to her lover fled.  
 Swift as upon the winged winds he flew,  
 Whirling the bloody locks in fierce delight,  
 Till at the feet of him who waited — down he threw  
 The reeking trophy of his savage fight.

The lover gazed in horror and despair,  
 Until his brain was darkened into night,—  
 He spoke not as he kissed the gory hair,  
 But his heart broke before the maddening sight.  
 No more sweet dreamings of his coming bride,  
 Refreshed his heart or throbb'd it with delight;—  
 No more hope's future with its golden tide,  
 Beamed on his vision beautiful and bright.  
 Lost to himself — the world — his love — to all —  
 He lived the wasting wreck which fate had made,  
 His lost one answered not his maniac-call,  
 Nor heard his broken-hearted prayers for aid.

# THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

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BY C. S. MACREADING

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THE human mind gives the strongest evidence of its exalted nature, in its aspirations after independence, and its maddened restiveness under the shackles of oppression. As the eagle, fitted to soar in the highest regions of the atmosphere, spreads his massive pinions in noble flights, under the dictation of his own inclinations, and when ensnared, beats with fury against the bars of his prison-house, resolute to be free,—so the spirit of man, destined to inconceivable attainments in knowledge, purity and truth, in a state of freedom, rapidly advances to a high and noble elevation; but if fettered by despotism is impatient of restraint, and resolutely seeks to overcome the obstacles to its progress. This is the history of man since his creation. At times he has sunken low under the crushing oppression of arrogant ambition or crafty intrigue, till seemingly his desires have been satisfied with the base and sensual enjoyments of servitude, but again rising to a sense of his true character, he reasserts the claim to freedom



and self government. It is deeply interesting to contemplate the struggle between the people and their oppressors, both in Church and State, especially since the commencement of the Christian era. Till this period, with occasional glimmerings of light, the masses were held in darkness by the king and the priest, but subsequently, the intervals have been much briefer between the efforts at deliverance. And now, in the nineteenth century, the population of the globe is moved as the interior of a volcano, to obtain for itself the right of self government and independent institutions. Disregarding the reverence paid to antiquity and the influence of hoarded wealth, the people now demand a voice in electing their rulers and regulating their civil expenditures, besides a freedom to worship God, not according to hierarchical formulas, backed by governmental power to enforce conformity, but according to the dictates of a scripturally enlightened conscience. Religious freedom lies at the foundation of all civil liberty. Wherever there exists independence in religion, civil independence will not long lag behind. On this account it is, both in ancient as well as in modern times, among Pagans, Christians, Mahommedans, religious institutions have been linked in with the civil, that the rulers might by the former more surely maintain the latter. Hence, as long as bishops, priests and ministers are dependent upon the State, there is but little fear that they will not seek to maintain and support its usurpations. Under such circumstances revolutions

are exceedingly difficult, and when occurring are but spasmodic in their character, which, subsiding, leave the people seemingly in a more hopeless condition. England owes her free institutions, doubtless, to her religious freedom. It is true, she has a State religion, but dissent from it is a perfectly practicable matter, and the English people dispose of themselves as they please, in respect to religion, without becoming obnoxious to governments. Italy, on the other hand, presents the most degrading picture of human debasement in every point of view, because the Pope of Rome arrogantly claims to decree what his people shall believe, as to a religious faith, and how they shall be governed. He thus annihilates all freedom and reduces his subjects to the mere automaton condition of slaves.

In the United States is presented a scene unparalleled in the history of nations. Religion recognized as the solemn concern of individual man with his Creator, is left to the freest option of the people. From our State flows no golden stream to nourish and maintain a priesthood or ministry. For all this we have no lack of churches or of clergy. But because of this we are the freest people in the world with all our imperfections and inconsistencies. We claim — under the sanction of the Almighty — freedom to think, freedom to utter our thoughts, and freedom to act as we shall choose. The Bible lies on our national altar, an open book for all to read and study. Our common schools open their doors to all children without distinction, and the State cheerfully and liberally support them. The

right to utter our sentiments by speech and the press is steadily maintained and watched over with the most wakeful jealousy. Freedom was the grand rallying cry of the nation when first she uttered her voice among the rulers of the earth. She unfurled her banner to the breeze on which she had marked but one word, Liberty. Such is her war cry to-day. And it is on this account she has risen up in her strength to put down at once and forever all foreign influence, especially that emanating from the Roman Church. It is not the religion of this Church which is so violently opposed, but her civil and political ambition. And this must be done, if we would maintain the institutions of a free and independent country.

The Roman Church is no friend to the doctrine of self-constituted government. She is an enemy to human equality, freedom of thought, liberty of action. She steadily opposes popular education, the enlightenment of the masses, and the general diffusion of intelligence. She scouts the idea of a common school, where, independently of priestly or sectarian domination, all children are brought to a common level, and youths of different religious beliefs mingle freely together. She declares "liberty of thought a pest of all others most to be dreaded." She is intolerant and persecuting in her very nature. Her influence, wherever extended, tends to poverty, ignorance, and most degrading superstition. She substitutes for the word of God the word of man; forbids and hinders the circulation of the Bible, and at all times and everywhere,

seeks to root out true piety. Her history is written in the condition of every country and people ever subjected to her sway.

For these reasons, the political advancement of the Papal Church is to be regarded with a just dread by the people of this nation. For if she once gain ascendancy here, she boldly declares, "farewell to civil and religious liberty."

What shall Protestant America do? Shall she cower and shrink before this growing force, or meeting it boldly at the outset, hurl back the audacious pretensions of the Papal Power? Does not the spirit of our Fathers, those noble men who participated in the struggles of the Revolution, call upon us to united action against this foe? Do not the bloody persecutions of this cruel church come up in remembrance to quicken us in our efforts to resist her? What says the spirit of freedom within us? At all hazards, put down this foe of man and of God. Leave her free in her religion, but do not allow her wicked hands to hold the reins of our government in any respect.

We are told that the Papal Church is not in this country what she is in Italy, in Mexico, in Spain, in Canada. And why is she not? Does she not claim unity, infallibility, unchangeability? She does all this. And are we to be deceived by external appearances? She may have outwardly the sheep's clothing, but within she has the wolf's heart. Americans! guard yourselves and your children from the deceptions of this daring, hypocritical foe to Human Freedom.

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY JOHN PIERPONT

THE Pilgrim Fathers, — where are they?  
The waves that brought them o'er  
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray  
As they break along the shore:  
Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day  
When the Mayflower moored below,  
When the sea around was black with storms,  
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapp'd the Pilgrim's sleep,  
Still brood upon the tide;  
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,  
To stay its waves of pride.  
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale  
When the heavens look'd dark, is gone; —  
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,  
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile, — sainted name!

The hill, whose icy brow  
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,  
In the morning's flame burns now.  
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night  
On the hill-side and the sea,  
Still lies where he laid his houseless head; —  
But the Pilgrim, — where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest ;

When summer's throned on high,  
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dress'd,  
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.  
The earliest ray of the golden day  
On that hallow'd spot is cast ;  
And the evening sun, as it leaves the world,  
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled ;

It walks in noon's broad light ;  
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,  
With their holy stars, by night.  
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,  
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,  
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,  
Shall foam and freeze no more.



## WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1796.

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### *Friends and Fellow-Citizens :*

THE period for a new election of a citizen to administer the executive government of the United States being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom the choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

In looking forward to the moment which is to terminate the career of my political life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me ; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me ; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious — vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging — in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism — the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guaranty of the plans, by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to the grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing wishes, that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence — that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual — that the free constitution which is the work of your hands may be sacredly maintained, that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue — that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the

auspices of liberty, may be made complete by so careful a preservation, and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motives to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquillity at home; your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the convic-

tion of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed; it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and to speak of it as a palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principle. You have, in a common cause, fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess, are the work of joint councils and joint efforts — of common dangers, sufferings, and success.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite not only that you steadily discountenance irregular opposition to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretext. One method of assault may be to effect in the forms of the constitution alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments, as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitutions of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember especially, that for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty, is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with

powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the government, is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the State, with particular reference to the founding of them upon geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you, in the most solemn manner, against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions in the human mind. It exists under different shapes, in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled or repressed; but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and, sooner or later, the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his



competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation on the ruins of the public liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind, (which, nevertheless, ought not to be entirely out of sight,) the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the public councils, and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill founded jealousies and false alarms ; kindles the animosity of one part against another ; foment occasional riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which finds a facilitated access to the government itself, through the channels of party passion. Thus the policy and will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and to serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This, within certain limits, is probably true ; and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From the natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose ; and there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion,

to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking, in a free country, should inspire caution, in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres; avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department, to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasions of the other, has been evinced by experiments, ancient and modern; some of them in our country, and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be, in any particular, wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by

which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance, in permanent evil, any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness — these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connection with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends, with more or less force, to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all; religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt but that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! it is rendered impossible by its vices!

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachment for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is, in some degree, a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its af-

fection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another, disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur.

Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The nation, prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts, through passion, what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to the projects of hostility, and instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes, perhaps, the liberty of nations has been the victim.

So, likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and the wars of the latter, without adequate inducements or justification. It leads, also, to concessions to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which are apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions, by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy,

ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld; and it gives to ambitious, corrupt, or deluded citizens, (who devote themselves to the favorite nation,) facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation to a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence, in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practice the art of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils? Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter. Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens,) the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, too, to be useful, must be impartial, else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike for another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and



serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence, she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provoca-

tion; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary, and would be unwise, to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, and a liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the stream of commerce, but forcing nothing;

establishing with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and natural opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be, from time to time, abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old, affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish — that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit; to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue; to guard against the impostures of pretended

patriotism ; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.

How far, in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless, too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this and other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself, and his progenitors for several generations, — I anticipate, with pleasing expectation, that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fel-

low-citizens, the benign influence of good laws, under free government — the ever-favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

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